CHICAGO LEDGER

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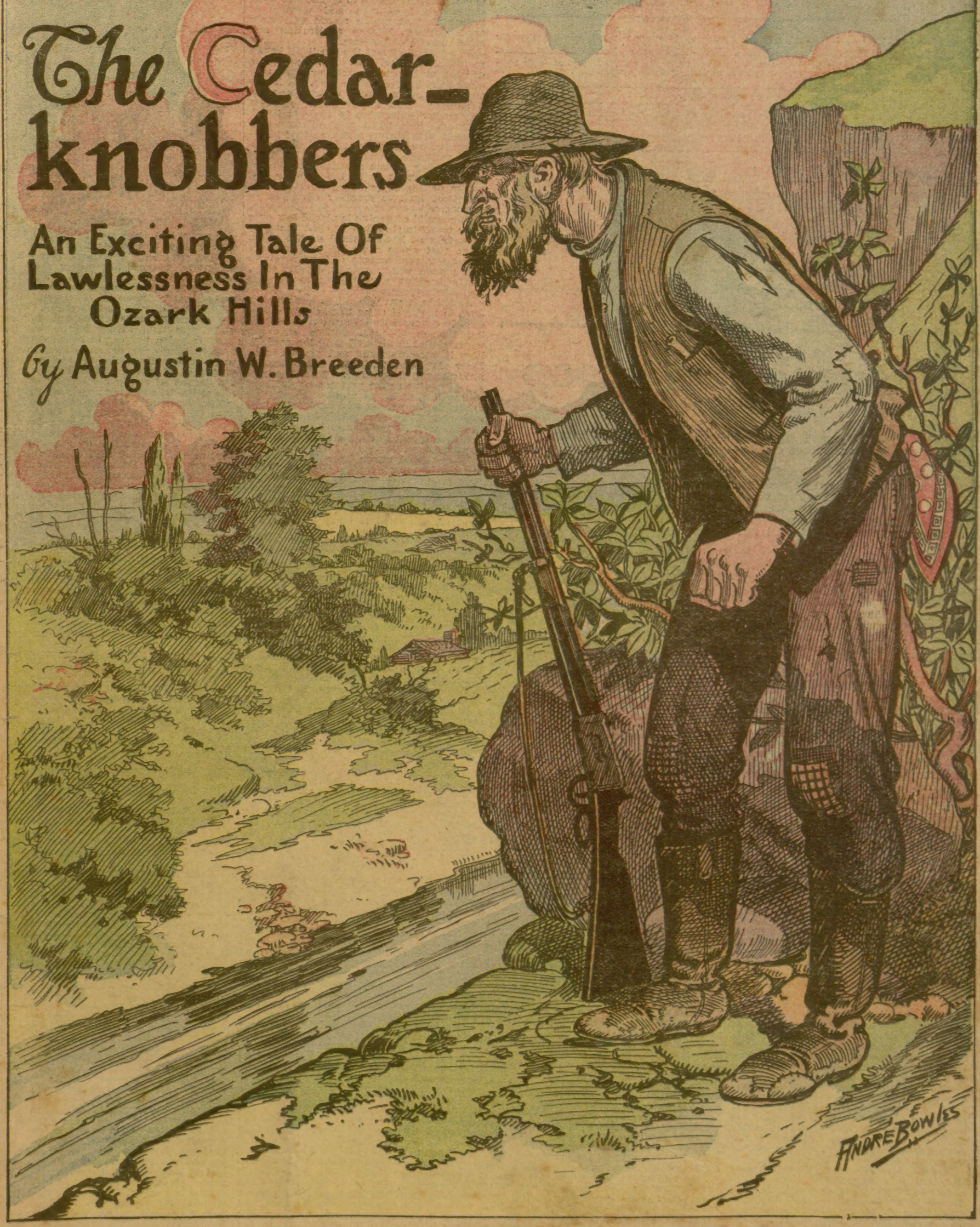
The Cedar-knobbers

An Exciting Tale Of Lawlessness In The Ozark Hills

By Augustin W. Breeden



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Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 24

Cooper's First Scoop

By John Blake

HE TOOK out his pencil. The restaurant had been robbed and he must get the facts.

"Explain it, Theodore."

And Theodore did. He told how the ten pies on the shelf had vanished, three boxes of cigars, and several cakes, but no money. He had had the money hid, and the burglar or burglars did not find it.

Fines Cooper was writing.

"How did they get in?" he asked.

The little man, whose great-great forefathers were perhaps near relatives to some of the leaders of the Grecian host that took Troy, pointed his short chubby hand in the direction of a rear window. The window was no more, but what had been a window was now a shattered heap of glass on the floor.

"I guess dey come dis way," he explained. "I finda glass broke dis mornfing."

Fines Cooper gave his soft-lead pencil another push.

"And when do you think all this happened?"

"Some people tink they saw lights here about 11 last night, but they say they tink it me."

Another push of the pencil.

"Theodore, I should like very much to have a picture of you if you have one handy. I am sure this story will please the editor, and, rather than have him send me back for your photo, I might as well get it now."

Theodore disappeared into a smoke-colored kitchen, and returned a moment later with a picture trimmed in the same color, but with an added mixture of grease across the face of it.

"Dis, dis do for the paper?" he asked the new reporter smiling.

"Assuredly," answered the young Cooper as he walked toward the door.

Cooper was a lucky chap. He ate at this chili joint. But that morning when he had asked for pie he had learned that during the night some one, who was perhaps hungry also, had disappeared with the pies. He had to forego his hunger, but here was a story. He was a new reporter, but surely he had done something. A scoop, a scoop, that was the one thought in his mind. If he could get a piece of news ahead of some of the other reporters, of his own paper, as well as of the other newspapers, he would certainly make a hit with his editor. And now he had scooped!

He hurried to the office. He had a picture, and enough notes to write a column. Once he stopped, and was in the act of telephoning the message, and then, desiring to see the editor's face when he should hand him the story written up, he hurried on.

AT THE office he did not stop to remove his coat or his hat, but falling into the first chair he found he began typewriting his story. Twenty minutes later he handed a story of the robbery to the city editor. He had done it up brown in a little less than a thousand words.

The editor was somewhat surprised to see a story of such length from what was to him an unknown source. He looked up to Cooper perplexed.

"Did you get a scoop on something?" he asked.

"I did this time." And Fines walked away contented. Then he thought of the picture.

"Here is the picture of the man," he said, returning to the editor's desk, and dropping the grease-soaked card on the table.

The editor was busy reading the article and did not notice Cooper's return. But the young reporter was happy. His job was not only assured (which is something to consider these days) but he was bound for a raise also.

Cooper was not at the office when the office-boy brought in the paper containing his story, but he bought it a few minutes later on the street, giving the newsboy a five-cent piece for a two-cent newspaper. He began looking for his article running thru the paper feverishly. At first he looked for the photo, but it was not there. Then thinking that perhaps the editor had missed the picture, he began looking for the story itself.

At last he found what he was looking for, but only to be greatly disappointed. Under the caption: "Thieves must be Enjoying Themselves," was a half dozen lines in regard to the robbery. What had they done to his story? They had murdered it. Some reporter had a pull with the desk, and the big scoop was not given half a chance. It should have been printed in large headlines across the top of the front page. Something was radically wrong.

Half an hour later Cooper was talking with the editor.

"And what was wrong with my scoop?" he asked.

"Nothing wrong, but it was a little bit too long. What is there about a wop losing some pies that 300,000 people should want his life's history?"

Cooper fell into a nearby chair almost overcome with grief.

"And to think I robbed that d—d thing myself," he muttered, "just to get the story."

* * *

Insect Drunkards.

THERE would seem to be no particular reason from the human standpoint why the ivy should be called the plant of Bacchus, since no wine is made from its berries. Entomologists, however, have found that the ivy flowers provide a veritable bacchnalian festival for a number of insects. Men of science are wont to sally forth at night with lanterns to capture the intoxicated moths that crowd around the greenish blossoms. When the willow is in bloom they find a similar scene of dissipation around its yellow catkins.

The tippling insect may be used to point a moral by the prohibitionist, since rum not infrequently leads to its ruin. There is a fly so addicted to wine that Linnaeus named it the "cellar fly," which appellation Kirby changed to the more appropriate one of the "cellar wine drinker." Kirby states that the larvae of this little fly, whose diet he could attest from his own observations, disdains to feed on anything but wine or beer, which, like Boniface in the play, it may be said both to eat and drink.

There are bees and flowers whose random meetings result in the same curious phenomenon. On the single dahlias and gaillardias of the garden bees are often to be seen in the same maudlin state, and these bees are more frequently of the black and yellow banded kind. If you take such a bee off the gaillardia the insect will remain in your hand, indulging in quaint antics or simply trembling in every member. Presently, however, it will recover and fly off straight to another gaillardia flower and in a very short time is again in the former state of imbecility. One may pick it up again and have a repetition of the performance.

* * *

The Truth.

"JAMES, have you whispered today without permission?"

"Only wunst."

"Leroy, should James have said wunst?"

"No'm; he should have said twict."

* * *

HER BEAUTY WINS WAY INTO SOCIETY.

Now She Is Welcomed Every Where. Lonely Hearts Made Happy.

Society plays many pranks, and to win its favor, women, and men, too, must look to their appearance as well as to their modes of living. How many women with hearts of gold, loving dispositions and enviable talents are shunned by men and women because of some defect in appearance. This is particularly true of women unfortunate enough to be afflicted with that horrible nightmare—a blemished complexion, says Miss Dorothy Ray of 646 North Michigan Boulevard, Suite B, Chicago, Illinois. Miss Ray is doing tremendous good for women everywhere by her remarkable free revelation. The thousands of women who have taken her free advice are storming her with letters of gratitude and explanation of how her advice brought them clear, smooth, lovely complexions, even after all the treatments they had previously tried brought only bitter failure.

Miss Ray says that it makes no difference how stubborn your case is or how badly disfigured with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, over-redness, enlarged pores, oily skin or other blemishes, she will send you without cost her remarkable revelations, the results of which will amaze and delight you.

Women must command the world, says Miss Ray, and they will do it by the irresistible lure and power of their beauty. So she is willing to send you her free revelations if you are handicapped by a poor complexion. Simply write her for her booklet, "The Complexion Beautiful." —Adv.

Is This Your Type?

By MARIE LA ROQUE

Eyes of Genius

IF GENIUS is, as they say, merely the faculty of taking infinite pains, then the eyes of genius are the painstaking eyes in their most pronounced form. And this really seems to be the fact, for the placing of the eye that is said by many physiognomists to be the one most characteristic of men and women of genius is that which shows extremely close scrutiny, intense application and steadfastness of purpose.

As a matter of fact the eye itself hasn't so much to do with it. It may be blue or gray or brown or green or any other color that is ascribed to eyes. It is the way the eye is placed that makes the difference. You know there is little chance for expression in the eye itself, anyway. The pupil may dilate under emotion and become moist, so that it appears to be especially bright, but for the most part the expression is all achieved by the play of the muscles around the eye. And so it is to the contour and action of this surrounding territory that we must look to discover earmarks of genius.

The eyelid of genius is placed low over the eyeball in this type of eye. It usually covers at least a third of the pupil. Eyes that show some white above the iris show restlessness and uncertainty. The person whose eyes habitually show white in that way belong to persons lacking in concentration.

And this is not difficult to account for. Just to make it clear to yourself, deliberately concentrate on some subject that needs close thought. Notice how the upper eyelid is lowered over the eyeball, how it becomes fixed and steady. The brow is lowered, too, and becomes straightened in contour. Well, the person of genius or the person who achieves so much that he is reputed to possess genius is the person who habitually concentrates. His eyes get into the habit of holding this position and hence it becomes a settled characteristic of his physiognomy.

Morse could never have invented the telegraph, nor could Marconi have worked out the wireless had they not lowered their eyelids in thought and concentration. They never could have acquired the vast fund of information and experience needed to carry on their experiments had they not habitually held their eyelids in this position.

Eyes of Genius.

It is said that eyebrows that slope downward toward the center show an aptitude for figures. This is a tendency of Chinese and Japanese eyebrows and these clever yellow men surely show remarkable ability in that direction. When the eyebrows slope downward in the other direction, being higher at the starting point, passing in long sweeping, drooping lines downward in termination, they show artistic feeling and a sense of beauty of form. It is said that with the person of really surpassing endowments the line is very nearly straight.

Very frequently persons of genius have eyes that give the effect of being very deep set, and this is doubtless because of the way the eyelids are drawn over them to concentration of thought and application. Among men who had deep-set eyes were: Darwin, Gladstone, Andrew Jackson, Alexander Hamilton, Patrick Henry, Huxley, Thomas Jefferson, Thoreau, Tolstoi, Washington, Webster and Walt Whitman—all men of genius of one sort or another.

Next Week: The Grooved Upper Lip.

YOU NEED NOT BE RICH TO POSSESS BEAUTIFUL GEMS.

A well-known Chicago importing house has made it possible for people of moderate means to have superb looking gems which rival the beauty of diamonds for which the wealthy pay thousands of dollars.

These gems are mounted in solid gold rings, pins and La Vallieres and flash and glow with all the brilliancy and fire of pure white diamonds. They stand every diamond test, acid, diamond file, scratch glass and only experts can tell the difference upon close inspection and are known as Tifnites to the jewelry trade.

To introduce these beautiful Tifnite gems more widely the importers are sending them for 10 days free wear. Two of their ring offerings are certainly remarkable. One is a men's flat Belcher, 8 claw, solid gold mounting with gem weighing nearly a carat. The other is a ladies' ring also in solid gold latest style mounting with gem nearly a carat in weight. Either of these rings sent no money down.

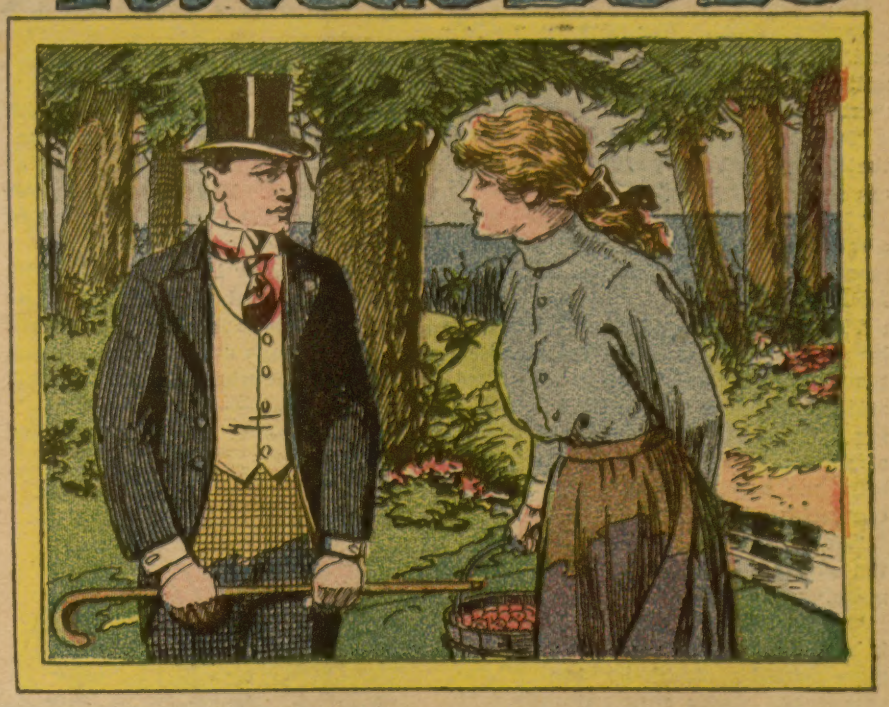
When ring arrives $3.50 is paid to postman and if ring is kept, the buyer pays $3 monthly for 3 months, making total price only $12.50. If not satisfactory for any reason the ring can be returned within 10 days and the $3.50 deposit is refunded—the trial has cost nothing. Those sending for rings should enclose a strip of paper fitting tightly end to end around finger joint so that proper size can be selected.

This is such an attractive offer that it should be accepted while it lasts. Requests to send the rings on trial should be addressed to The Tifnite Co., 511 S. Plymouth Ct., Dept. 6, Chicago.—Adv.

The Cedar-knabbers

BY

AUGUSTIN W. BREEDEN



It Seemed to Mart That She Was the Most Entrancing Creature He Had Ever Met.

CHAPTER I.

WILD STRAWBERRY TIME.

IT WAS May—May in the cedar-clad limestone ridges of the White River region of southwest Missouri. The purple violets and yellow violets and white violets that had been blooming in such profusion on glade and by brookside were now only a memory; buttercups and anemones were no more. In their stead the heart's-ease blossomed on flinty hillsides and wild pea blossoms made the ridges sweet with their faint, languorous odor. And everywhere, like red flowers in the grass, one beheld ripe wild strawberries. One trod upon them as one walked. The boots of the men and the bare feet of women and children, still white and tender from their long winter imprisonment, were stained red with them.

On a sweet Sunday morning Mart Holloway, a Kentuckian from the Bluegrass country, who had recently graduated from a law college and come "West" and hung out his shingle in the little mountain town of Kearneyville, shaved himself with care, put on his shiniest boots, his best suit and his high silk hat, beginning to be a little out of fashion at that date, and took a stroll up Goose creek and over Nubbin Ridge.

"My, my, my!" Mart kept saying to himself, "what a beautiful country this is, these Ozark Hills. It's as beautiful as the Bluegrass.

Mart plucked and ate a great quantity of the wild strawberries that grew about him thinking how much more delicious was their flavor than that of their garden-bred cousins. Gathering a handful to eat as he walked, he strode rapidly forward for a half mile or so, and then, finding himself in a little glen near the top of Nubbin Ridge that was starred with the crimson dainties, he paused again and busied himself picking and eating.

After a moment or two the young attorney felt a presence near him and looked up. There in the same little cedar glen with him and not forty feet away stood a beautiful girl. She was staring at him with her blue eyes wide and her lips slightly parted in astonishment. On her left arm she carried a homemade cedar pail, lined at present with mulberry leaves and heaped with fragrant deep red berries. She had been busy picking just as Mart had and had not noticed his approach. This girl was tall and as graceful and slender as a fawn. Her hair was a golden brown and her eyes showed a deep sky blue at that distance against the delicate shell pink of her cheeks. The girl wore a shirt-sleeved brown gingham apron over a longer and longer-sleeved sky blue homespun dress. Meeting her thus in those romantic surroundings, it seemed to Mart Holloway that she was the most entrancing creature he had ever met.

Mart started to tip his tall silk hat to her, but before he had time to do so, she got better control of her surprise, quit staring at him, and turned and walked with slow, unhurried steps up the glen and away.

But Mart's pathway likewise lay up the glen. He now walked forward with brisk pace, intending to overtake this vision of rural loveliness. But the girl was not so easily overtaken as he had imagined. She was a remarkably good walker and, being barefoot and used to the loose stones, she did not slip and stumble half as much as Mart did in his fashionable high-heeled boots. Moreover the cedar boughs overhead gave him trouble with his high hat, and he was soon forced to take it off and carry it under his arm.

The girl had now completely overcome her embarrassment and seemed to be enjoying the game immensely. As a matter of fact, she was proud of herself that she could cause the fashionable, college-bred young man so much embarrassment. She was glad that she had had the self-control to quit staring at this lawyer from Kearneyville and turn and walk away with so much ease and composure.

"The Peterses," she said to herself, "may be wild men, in a way, but they are not second-rate. I reckon I'm about as good as any, even if my father does carry a price on his head."

At this moment in her musing Mart Holloway came so close behind her that she was obliged to turn at his low "Ahem" or else be worse than rude.

"Good morning, Miss—Miss——" fumbled Mart. He felt embarrassed for some unaccount-

Then It Was That Rose Showed Her Clever Marksmanship—She Shot the Knife Clean Out of Ralph's Hand.

Part Two of a Story by the Most Famous Love-story Author of 1922.

The Scar

By Ruby M. Ayres

able reason. Whereupon a spirit of deviltry seemed to take hold of the girl.

"Mrs." she prompted, "Mrs. Peters—This is Mr. Holloway, I believe?"

Here was a shock for poor gallant, perspiring Mart. She was so young and pretty; but then he knew the native mountaineer girls married as mere children.

"Mrs. Peters, won't you let me carry that heavy pail for you?" he said. "I am going your way."

"It isn't heavy," replied the girl with a mischievous side glance at the young man. "I thank you just the same, Mr. Holloway."

The young man, taken off his feet by something in this married woman's manner, ahemmed a little and then said: "I beg your pardon for not speaking to you in the glen back there. I'm afraid I startled you. But here in the hills one sometimes forgets the little courtesies of life."

"Here? In the the hills?" murmured the girl as if not understanding his meaning.

"I was only thinking of the Ozarks in contrast with some of the older and more settled parts of the country," returned the young man naturally. "I have come here recently from Kentucky, and while I think these Ozark hills are beautiful—as beautiful as any mountains God ever made—and while I think their people are a brave, stalwart, up-standing race of men and women, you and I must admit that they are a bit crude in their manner and that this crudeness gradually transmits itself to sojourners here—not that I care for the little nothings of life—I look at what's in a man's or a woman's heart rather than at externals."

"It wouldn't do me much good to care for externals, as you call them," answered the girl. "I live in a home where manners as from man to man are entirely unknown. Still I can't complain of the amount of courtesy they show me. I am a sort of queen in a kingdom of rough men. They fight and drink and brawl among themselves; but they are always considerate with me."

"And no wonder," said Mart Holloway gravely.

"Sir?"

"I only said 'No wonder,'" stammered the young man in confusion. "But, Mrs. Peters, please let me carry your pail for you. I think I shall go on now and make the acqaintance of your husband, since I have come this far."

The girl turned to him with a frightened look on her facé.

"What if this young lawyer is after that reward offered for my father?" was the thought that flashed thru her mind.

"I advise you not to go, sir," she said sweetly. "Didn't I just tell you that the men in my home are a rough set? They dislike city folks; and my—my husband is so jealous that he would pick a quarrel with you and shoot you just for walking this far with me."

"Then your husband must be a fool!" cried Mart hotly, "and I would not hesitate to take up his challenge and puncture his idiotic head for him. The idea of being jealous of a woman who is manifestly as good and pure as you are. The man you married is no gentleman, or he would know better."

Rose Peters suddenly repented her coquetry in representing herself as a married woman to this fiery, gallant young Kentuckian. His praise touched her deeply, because she felt it came from his heart. Rose was, as she said, a queen accustomed to homage among her rough kinsmen; but this homage

(Continued on Page 15.)

CHAPTER IX—(Continued).

MARK repeated his question, "What's my aunt done with Sinner?" The dog was gone; that much seemed certain. Jeffries tried to answer. His face was scarlet with distress, and there wear tears in his eyes.

"It should never ha' happened, if I'd ha' been here. I'll take my oath!" he spluttered, almost crying. "She sent me to the village out of the way; and I never thought what was in her mind. Oh, Master Mark——"

Mark felt as if an icy hand had blasted him.

Mark Opened His Eyes With a Little Start to the Face of a Girl in the Pew in Front of Him.

"You mean—she's had him killed?" he said voicelessly.

Nobody answered, but one of the maids began to cry.

Mark stood for a moment with twitching hands and eyes that were like burning steel in his white face, then he turned and walked out of the kitchen. He would see about this!

He met Miss Midian in the hall, and when she saw his face she backed away from him with a frightened scream.

Mark flung himself upon her, his rage and grief making him strong. He beat her with clinched fists; he would have killed her had nobody interfered. His father came running, and the servants—they tore Mark away. Panting and sobbing and frenzied, they took him into his father's study, and John Hellaby sent every one away and shut the door.

Mark lay on the floor exhausted, his face hidden, moaning now and then as if in physical pain.

John Hellaby stood and watched him silently, but it was some time before he spoke—not until Mark had gathered himself up and was creeping ashamedly toward the closed door of the room.

His father spoke then.

"Come here, Mark."

Mark stood still, but did not obey. There was something infinitely lonely and pathetic about him at that moment.

John Hellaby had heard from the sympathetic Jeffries what had happened, but he wished to hear it from Mark also. He said quite kindly:

"You are a big boy to give way like this, Mark."

Mark turned a distorted face.

"She's killed my dog," he almost screamed. "She's killed Sinner—he was the only friend I had." He struggled hard against the sobs that choked him.

John Hellaby looked at his son helplessly, keenly feeling his inability to comfort him.

"You must try and forgive," he said at last constrainedly. "I will buy you another dog. You must try and forgive your aunt, Mark."

But he knew that with Mark no forgiveness was possible. He never forgot the flame of passion that seared his son's face as he looked back across the room.

He had wrenched open the door now, and was clinging to it with both hands as if for support. The sleeves of his coat were a little short, and revealed the long scar that disfigured his left wrist. It stood out white and ugly against his brown skin. . . .

"I'll never have another dog," he panted, with hoarse violence. "I'll never have another dog, and I'll never forgive her. . . . I hope she burns in hellfire for ever and ever. Amen."

CHAPTER X.

MARK was sent to boarding-school after that, to a big school where he was but a drop in the ocean, and not a supreme being as he had been at Osterway. It was at once the making of him, and the ruin.

He became more like other boys, and lost a lot of his girlish sensitiveness. But he lost also a great deal of his capacity for affection, and his longing for it.

The wound left in his heart by Sinner's death, which was rankling painfully when he left home, began to heal, and he grew to feel slightly ashamed of the tragedy it had meant to him. He was careful never to speak of it to any of his schoolfellows for he had a horror of being thought unmanly. He was thankful that Bishop was not there to talk about it and gloat over him but he knew it would be a long time before he could forget the faint scorn in Bishop's eyes when he came back from Lister that fateful night and heard what had happened.

"You can get another dog," so he had said carelessly. "What a fuss to

The Opening Chapters Condensed for New Readers

MARK HELLABY, at the age of 13, lived with his father and aunt at John Hellaby's commodious country residence near London. Mark's father was an English gentleman, and his large estate alone was significant of considerable wealth. Mark's mother had died when he was an infant, and as he grew to boyhood he did not get along very well with his father's sister.

"MISS MIDIAN," as he persisted in calling her. Miss Hellaby, it should be stated, was a natural-born fault-finder; and Mark's father never had manifested any genuine affection for his red-blooded offspring, whose only accepted friends about the place were the gardener, his wife and the stable boy.

At the age of 12 Mark was sent away, to Osterway Vicarage, where the

REV. ALGERNON JOPE served as tutor to several boys, assisted by Mrs. Jope. Mark's chum there was a boy named

BISHOP, who had very little to say concerning his own home or family. Flitting about Osterway at the time was a little girl named

MIRIAM, who claimed to be 15 years old, but she was nearer Mark's age, perhaps. Miriam lived with her mother, who seemed to have no friends or intimates in Osterway. She was a regular little vamp, and when she taunted Mark that he dare not drop from an upper window of the Vicarage, he did it and was seriously injured. A week later he had recovered and while whittling a stick he received a bad cut on his wrist. Miriam bound the wound with a handkerchief and Mark kissed her, an act that was dramatically resented by the little coquette. The doctor, when he last examined Mark's wounded wrist, remarked that the boy would carry the scar with him to the grave.

After three years the Rev. Jope died; Mark and Bishop left for their homes; Miriam and her mysterious mother had moved away from Osterway. Bishop accepted Mark's invitation to spend Christmas with him at his father's place. They attended an acrobat show in a neighboring village and when they returned

"SINNER," Mark's dog, was missing. Miss Midian hated that dog as she seemed to hate Mark. Indeed, she had hated Mark's mother, simply because her brother's marriage had brought a new mistress into his luxurious home.

make over just a lost dog.."

Mark had hated him for his lack of sympathy. He knew he should never have another dog, and he believed that he would never again feel the same friendship for Bishop. He registered a vow never to invite him home again for the holidays, but here he reckoned without his host, for Bishop either invited himself, or got Miss Midian to invite him.

For some reason or other Miss Midian liked Bishop, and Bishop liked her. Mark often wondered why, seeing that his own hatred of her increased instead of diminished. When he was at home he hardly spoke a word to her, and because of his painful remembrance of that scene in the study when he had lain on the floor and sobbed, he strenuously avoided his father also, tho once or twice John Hellaby had tried to make friendly overtures to his son. Mark was sure that his father must think him unmanly, so he spent lonely holidays (save for Jeffries and his wife), and was always thankful when the term recommenced.

Mark hated study, but he did his best, spurred on by the same fear of contempt from his schoolfellows.

A boy named Trent, with whom he grew rather friendly, said to him once, "Your guv'nor's a rich man, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Mark, and remembered how Bishop had once asked him the same question.

"Why do you want to swot so hard for, then?" Trent asked interestedly. "I shouldn't, if my guv'nor was as rich as yours."

Mark shook his head.

"I don't know; I never thought about it like that," he said.

But he spoke to Jeffries on the subject next time he went home.

"If you were me, what would you be when you grew up?" he asked.

Jeffries stared.

"What would I be, Master Mark? Why, nothing! There don't seem to be no need."

Mark considered the point.

"Aunt Midian says I shall be a waster,"

"You've Still Got It, Then?" She Said With a Laugh. "I Always Knew We Should Meet Again."

he volunteered after a moment.

"Your Aunt Midian, with all respects, ought not never to say sich things, Master Mark," said Jeffries firmly.

Mark looked up.

"Why not?" he asked, and then: "Jeffries, what is a waster? I mean a real, proper waster!"

Jeffries considered for a moment, scratching his head.

"Well," he said at last, slowly, "in books and theater pieces it's always a young gentleman what breaks his parent's hearts and makes an unfortunate marriage, in a manner of speaking."

Mark's handsome face tightened.

"Well, I shan't ever be that sort of waster, then," he said resolutely; "because I've only got one parent, and he hasn't got a heart to break! And as for the other thing, I never mean to get married! I hate women——" He gritted his teeth and stared ahead of him, with a face grown suddenly old. "Except Mrs. Jeffries," he said again, "I hate all women! They're wicked she-devils."

Jeffries stared.

"Good God, Master Mark!" he ejaculated hopelessly. . . . "You mustn't say things like that! Indeed you mustn't! They're not all like Miss Midian, you know; there was your mother, for instance——"

"And 'Annie Elizabeth'," Mark struck in. "I haven't forgotten what you told me about her, you see," he said, with a grin, as Jeffries began to look rather sheepish.

There was a short silence, during which Mark stared at his feet.

"I should think my mother had that way, too," he said abruptly, after a moment.

Jeffries took his pipe from his mouth, and solemnly spat on the path.

"What way, Master Mark?"

"The way of asking to be kissed, like you said 'Annie Elizabeth' had," he explained.

Jeffries said "Oh!" rather blankly. "Most women has that way!" he added after a moment. "It's born in 'em, right from the time they're little girls, as you might say."

Mark felt the color rising to his face and his thoughts flew back to the girl Miriam, and the day at the garden gate at Osterway when she had asked him to kiss her; asked, that is, in a way more eloquent than mere words could have done. He supposed that was the sort of "way" which "Annie Elizabeth" had also possessed.

"Kissing is all rot!" he said impatiently.

Jeffries grinned; he thought Mark the most original boy he had ever met.

"You won't always think that, Master Mark," he said confidently. "There's something about a kiss—the first time you ever kisses a girl, that is to say, that you don't never forget."

"You mean," Mark said, not raising his eyes, "that you've never forgotten kissing Annie Elizabeth?"

Jeffries cast a look behind him towards his cottage door.

"In a manner of speaking, and with no disrespect to Mrs. J., that's what I do mean," he said. "You'll find it out for yourself some day, Master Mark."

Mark did not answer, perhaps because in his heart he knew that he had found it out already; knew that no matter how long he might live, Miriam and the unwilling kiss he had given her could never be wiped from his memory.

He remembered how she had said that some day they would meet again, and his own violent answer, "I know we shan't," and a little feeling of superstition passed thru him; but it was gone instantly, as Mrs. Jeffries came to the door of the cottage behind them, and called out that tea was ready.

Mark rose with alacrity from the overturned barrow upon which he had been sitting.

"Have you made the cakes?" he asked eagerly; for hot cakes at that moment were of far greater importance in his life than kisses.

CHAPTER XI.

IT WAS during the following Christmas holidays that Mark had his first glimpse of real home life.

The boy Trent, with whom he had grown rather friendly at school, got his mother to write to Miss Midian, inviting Mark to stay with them for a week.

If Miss Midian herself had not been anxious to go away to spend a few days with the widowed Mrs. Jope, she would probably have refused the invitation for her nephew, for the Trents were not wealthy, or anybody in particular, and Mrs. Trent had written from No. 9 Disraeli road, Streatham (without even the dignity of a printed address on her paper), and she stated quite frankly that they were simple and homely people, but that if Mark cared to visit them, he would be more than welcome.

So Mark went, and, fortunately for him, it was arranged that he should travel to London alone, where he was to be met by Trent Senior, for it is a sure thing that had Miss Midian seen No. 9 Disraeli road, her snobbishness would have had the shock of its life, for the Trents were gentlepeople who were content to sacrifice everything for the future of their children (of whom there were three), and they did not mind a shabby house, or shabby clothes for themselves, as long as their sons could receive a good education and a sufficient start in life.

At first Mark stared in frank amazement at the worn carpets and muchmended curtains. He thought the room allotted to himself the smallest and barest he had ever seen nor could he believe his eyes when Trent's mother herself cooked the supper and brought it to table.

"Haven't you got any servants?" he asked young Trent afterwards, and immediately wished the words unspoken when he saw how red and uncomfortable his friend looked.

But if there was not a staff of servants as at Mark's home, there were many compensations.

For instance, Mr. Trent was entirely the finest and most satisfactory thing in fathers that Mark had ever dreamed of in his wildest moments. He was more like a jolly elder brother to his sons than a parent, and they all three adored him.

Mark was not long in following suit, and the days that he spent in Disraeli road were some of the happiest in his life, for in spite of shabby carpets and mended curtains, it was a very real home; and in spite of the fact that she did her own cooking, and most of her own housework, after the first four-and-twenty hours Mark privately considered Mrs. Trent to be an angel.

He loved her voice, which was still young and girlish, tho her hair was turning gray; he loved her eyes, which were soft and brown, and reminded him a little of Sinner's (tho he supposed she would not have been flattered had he told her so); he loved her Christian name, which was Alice; he loved the way in which she spoke to her own boys and to him; in fact, he loved everything about her, tho he was far too shy to give expression to his feelings.

It was not a very exciting holiday perhaps, but Mark was perfectly happy, and the days passed all too quickly.

Perhaps the best time of all were the evenings, when supper was cleared away and chairs drawn up to the fire, and Mr. Trent would say to his wife—

"Won't you sing something, Alice dear?"

And Mrs. Trent would smile and declare that she could not sing a note really, and was ashamed to try; but always allowed herself to be persuaded in the end.

And often she sang a song which she said was very old-fashioned, but which Mark liked immensely, and the words of which ran—

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?—
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown?
How she wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown.
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They had fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

"A very pretty song, dear," Mr. Trent always said, as if he had never heard it in all his life before, and Mrs. Trent would always answer:

"Oh, but it's such an old one! Why, I remember my mother singing it!"

But Mark liked it; liked, too, to watch Mrs. Trent's face in the light of the candles from the piano sconces as she sang, and he thought that the sweetness of her eyes was wonderful.

He thought, too, that Jeffries' "Annie Elizabeth" must have had eyes like Mrs. Trent.

Mrs. Trent and Mark had many little talks together, and in her quiet, motherly way she gradually drew from him the disconnected story of his lonely life, of his father, and of Miss Midian, and last of all—for now Mark seldom spoke of the tragedy of his boyhood—of the dog Sinner.

And when the first week was ended, she wrote and asked that Mark might be allowed to stay for another week, and as Miss Midian was in no hurry to see her nephew again, she said yes, to Mark's infinite joy.

It was evening when the letter of permission came, and Mark was in the kitchen looking on while Mrs. Trent made a pudding for supper.

He liked to sit on a corner of the table and watch her, liked to talk to her, and he was so unspeakably thankful when she read Miss Midian's letter aloud to him, that he jumped up and, rushing round to her, gave her a boisterous hug.

He grew scarlet with shame at his own presumption immediately afterwards, but she only laughed and looked pleased.

"You don't want to go home, then?" she said. "You're not tired of us yet, Mark?"

And Mark said, "No jolly fear."

Her brown eyes smiled at him across the littered table.

"I am so glad that you and Jim are friends," she said. "I hope you always will be."

And Mark nodded.

"I hope you will come and see us again, often," she said.

And Mark answered that he would love to, adding awkwardly that he should like Jim to come to "my place" next holidays. "Not that he'd care much about it after this," he said disparagingly.

Mrs. Trent opened her eyes wide.

"But Jim tells me you've such a lovely home, with a beautiful garden, and horses and stables. . . ."

Mark agreed.

"Oh, yes, there are some horses, and the garden's all right, but it's not a proper 'home' like this. I haven't any mother, you see," he added.

He was merely stating a fact, not asking for pity, but the brown mother-eyes watching him filled with tears, and tho her hands were all flour, and time was flying, and the pudding ought to have been in the saucepan, Jim's mother deserted her task for an instant, to come round the table and give Mark his kiss again.

"Some day I hope there'll be a dear woman who will love you nearly as well as your mother would have done had she lived," she told him. "Oh, not quite so well! for nobody could ever love you quite so well as your mother, Mark, but some day . . . there will be a woman. . . ."

She broke off, struck by the hardness of the boy's eyes.

"You mean when I get married," he said. "Well, I shan't ever get married! I hate women."

"Mark!"

"Well, so I do—all except you," he said sullenly. "And you're different. You're not cruel, as most women are."

His eyes doggedly avoided hers, and for a moment there was an eloquent silence; then, just when she would have spoken, there was the sound of a latchkey in the front door, and a man's voice calling.

Mrs. Trent hurriedly wiped the flour from her hands and went to meet her husband.

Mark stayed where he was. He felt vaguely jealous as he heard the sound of a kiss—of many kisses; and then, "Well, Alice, dear?" in Mr. Trent's cheery voice.

Why was it that there was somebody for everybody in all the world except for himself, Mark wondered. Was it always going to be the same? His boy's face looked old as he sat there in the cheery little kitchen staring at the strewn table.

But he ate his share of the homely pudding at supper without loss of appetite, and slept dreamlessly afterwards.

THE second week sped away on winged feet, and on the last day of all Jim's father took the whole family to the pantomime.

Mark had been to the pantomime before several times, with Bishop and Miss Midian, and sat in the higher-priced stalls, and had his entire enjoyment spoilt by reason of his aunt's close proximity. But this time there was no cloud to mar the sunshine of his horizon.

They went in the pit, and stood outside first in a cold, cheery queue of people for more than an hour in order to get in at all.

Mr. Trent had tried for better seats, but the only ones available were beyond his purse, as he very frankly admitted; so they went in the pit.

They managed to secure seats in the

(Continued on Page 18.)

A Mystery Staged in the City by the Lakes. More Chapters of It.

The Riddle of the Rings

By Henry Treadway Blythe

Told in the Preceding Installment

O'Rourke then went on to state that David and Aline would probably be brought into the investigations of the crime by the police, but not necessarily as suspects. During their chat at the lake shore Aline showed David a curious ring that Jack Kenwood had given her that day, to retain or wear as their engagement token until he could select a suitable diamond band. It was an exact duplicate of the one he had found in Hess' raincoat—with the human finger—but the cryptic letters upon its inner side were entirely different. While

CHIEF SHEEHAN and his men were listening to Rand's story, Sheehan's detectives brought in "Crazy Hoxey," who related one of his strange dreams, something about a pair of curious rings, his splashing around in the lake astride of a horse, two bright lights that gradually converged into one, and of sinking into the black waters of the night—then total darkness and unconsciousness. This dream, he said, had come to him numerous times. Aside from this he appeared to be a man without a memory. When

DR. GILLMORE was called in to examine the queer drifter, he soon made a most startling discovery. Upon the strange man's arm a name was tattooed. It was that of

J. G. DURANT, YALE '93, a former classmate and fraternity brother of the doctor, as well as his benefactor, of whom he had lost all track years and years ago.

This story began in No. 21, the Ledger for May 27. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER IX.
PETER HESS FOUND.

ON HEARING such a startling remark from Dr. Gillmore, we all turned and stared unbelievingly in his direction. That the poor wreck of a human being who sat in the center of the room could have been at one time a college graduate—and a Greek-letter fraternity man—seemed incredible. And yet, judging from the physicians' words, it was evidently a fact.

Chief Sheehan was the first to break the silence.

"Great mackerel, Gillmore, do you mean to tell me that this poor devil who's been knocking around the road all these years was once an acquaintance of yours? Are you absolutely certain?"

But the doctor was kneeling at the tramp's feet, his hands on the shoulders of the latter, his eyes peering straight into Hoxey's. Apparently he had not heard a word of the chief's query.

"Look, Jack, look," he begged. "Look straight at me. Don't you remember Don Gillmore? Think! Try hard—as hard as you can. Doesn't the name of Jack Durant sound familiar to you? Can't you remember my face, old boy?"

Hoxey stared wonderingly at the doctor's countenance. His own face, immobile, stupid, lifeless, seemed at intervals to be lighted up by flashes of something—something akin, perhaps, to recognition. But always the old dull, hopeless look returned.

"Guvnor," he said, "yer says yer knows me. Mebbe yer does. Mebbe yer a-foolin' me. Somehow 'r someway I sorter has a face like you'rn way in me 'ead—but I ain't sure. I ain't sure o' nothin', guvnor. Everything's all mixed up fer poor old Hoxey."

"Poor old boy," repeated Gillmore, sadly. "What a strange thing that life should deal with us in the way it has; that you should wind up where you are now—and I where I am—and that we should be brought together by a murder case."

He turned to the rest of us.

"Gentlemen, I daresay I owe you all an apology for carrying on in the way I have, without giving you any explanation. But the sight of that tattoo mark almost unnerved me. Had it not been for that, I should never have been able to find this man—the one person thru whose sacrifice and generosity I owe any success that's ever come my way."

Our faces must have betrayed our intense curiosity, for he drew an empty chair and launched forth into an explanation of his peculiar actions and remarks of the past five minutes.

"Now, chief, first of all—I don't want him to get away," he began. "Why not put him in the end cell downstairs—the one with the cot. See that he's well taken care of. Tomorrow or next day he's going with me to the Wesley Hospital and be subjected to a complete examination. If anything can be done for him, it'll be done, no matter what the cost."

The chief quickly pressed a button at the side of his desk. Again the bluecoat responded.

"Murphy, take this man down to cell No. 34—the one with the cot and the bedding," he ordered. "Let him sleep there and see that he's taken care of. See, too, that he's fed regularly—and let him have the freedom of the corridor." He glanced toward Hoxey. "Go downstairs with this man in uniform and he'll take the best of care of you." As the tramp shuffled out, Sheehan turned to the doctor once more. "And now, Doc," he implored, "tell us about this Jack Durant."

"That's just what I intend to do," responded Gillmore. "I want every one of you to know about Jack Durant—and what he did. And it's not such a long story either. Here are the facts; Jack and I got acquainted while we were freshmen at Yale University—partly because we were elected to the same fraternity and partly because we both hailed from Chicago At any rate it wasn't long before we were as close companions as you could dream of. In fact we were 'pals' in the true sense of the word. Now, at the end of my freshman year, my father died. It left me totally stranded. I found then that I had to leave college at the close of my first year—and I tell you it was a bitter,

"I Stood Up Quickly, Throwing Off the Cover With a Bang."

bitter blow to me, for I had an insatiable ambition to graduate from a university of high standing—and to follow that with the study of medicine and surgery. But there was no help for it, since my father left nothing—absolutely nothing—and when he died his three thousand dollars a year salary—of which a small portion had gone to provide for my education—ceased entirely.

"One evening, not long after I had returned from my father's funeral at Chicago, Jack and I went uptown to visit an itinerant tattooing artist, who was picking up a few dollars by pricking fraternity designs on the fellows' arms. Together, we had our class year, our names, and our Greek letters put on our arms just where you saw them on that poor fellow tonight. This done, we started back to the dormitory.

"On the way I told him the bad news—that I would have to leave Yale at the end of that year because I had no more funds to carry me thru. And then and there he proposed something that came from a true heart—the heart of a real friend.

"ACCORDING to his statement, he had a sum of money from his mother's estate. It was more than enough to carry him thru, so he declared. He demanded that I allow him to finance me thru my sophomore, junior and senior years, provide me with living expenses, fraternity dues and so forth, and take my notes for the various loans.

"Of course, I accepted the offer. To a freshman in college no burden seems too great to assume. And I knew, too, that Jack Durant would never lose a penny by the transaction.

"Well, two more pleasant years flew by. It came time to return to Yale for the senior year. But Jack didn't show up on registration day. Just as I was wondering whether he was delayed for a day or two, the registrar called me in his office and told me that a check for my tuition, signed by Jack Greenville Durant, had been mailed to him from Chicago together with an inclosed letter addressed to me. This letter he handed to me. Wonderingly I broke the seal. To my surprise it held two one-hundred-dollar bills and a short note from Jack himself. And never a year has gone by but that I've read that note over and over—wondering at the strange disappearance that followed it. It ran, however, something like this:

Dear Old Boy: This letter is going to jar you a bit—but it'll have to be written. The fact of the matter is: my pile of loose change has disappeared somewhat faster than I calculated. To tell you the truth, there's just enough left to enable one of us to take our last year at Yale in the good old style that we've accustomed ourselves to—fraternity functions, good times, and all the rest of the trimmings. And so, Old Boy, it's going to be you.

You've always stood at the top in all your classes—you'll be somebody some day if you have a decent chance. And me? Well, I'm always at the foot of the class, flunking, pulling thru the exams by the skin of my teeth, even resorting to cribbing sometimes. So why should I pull along in a game where I don't fit? When you get up in the world a bit—I'll come after you for the bill. In fact I'll let you know where I am inside of a year after you graduate. So be good, study hard, and until we meet again, don't forget old

J. G. D.

"I tell you that was a square deal, gentlemen; a mighty square deal, a sacrifice—nothing less. My frantic letters to Jack Durant's old Chicago address were all returned with the postoffice inscription: 'Left. Address unknown.' He had dropped absolutely from sight. It was plain that he firmly intended to have his own way about the matter; that he intended to give up his own college degree in order that I might secure mine in a decent degree of style. And that matter of 'style' was rank folly—for Durant and I could have wormed thru together that year on the tuition money and those two one-hundred-dollar bills. But there was no getting in touch with him—no way to argue him out of the stand that he'd taken.

"Well, I finished school in 1894, came back to Chicago and tried to ferret him out. But he was nowhere to be found. Whether he knew of my presence in Chicago or not, he made no indication of where he was or what he was doing. No doubt he refrained from letting any evidence of his whereabout slip forth for fear that I might construe it as a hint that he expected the repayment of all the money he had loaned me at Yale. Perhaps, too, he imagined that his appearance on the scene would serve to induce me to go to work and earn the amount of the debt instead of proceeding with my medical course.

"I started in at medical school. By dint of taking a part-time job at outside work—which necessitated my spending six years on the course instead of the usual four—I got thru without any trouble. And all this time, oddly enough, there was no sign of Jack Durant. Sometimes I wondered if he had died—or if he were in some foreign country.

"That's all there is to the story, gentlemen. About twenty-seven years have flown by. As far back as twenty years ago I gave up all hope of ever seeing Jack Durant again. Often, mighty often, I've thought of him—wondering if he were in trouble—wondering if I could help him now that I had a medical practice and was in easy circumstances myself. But no sign of him has ever come. Then tonight when I saw that old faded tattoo mark, the years seemed to fall away with a rush and——"

The bell on the chief's desk jangled sharply. He spun quickly in his swivel chair and raised the receiver to his ear.

"'Lo," he called. "Who's talking? Eh—you, Reilly? What's up?" A long pause ensued. "Is—that—so! Passavant Memorial Hospital, eh? All right. Leave the Paris at once and return to the Central Bureau. Kelly'll be in charge during my absence. I'll pull out for there at once."

He hung up the receiver with a bang. He sprung to his feet, seized his hat, and pressed the bell at the side of his desk.

"Kelly," he said briskly to one of the two plainclothes-men, "you hold down the desk while I'm gone. Give out any of the details of the case to Neb—that is, anything but the facts about the horseshoe rings. It's a little after 1 o'clock in the morning now. He can make a full write-up of the case between now and press time. You'd better mention, too, that Kenwood's murderer is under arrest. That'll settle the carpers of this burg."

He turned to the rest of us.

"Terry, Rand, Dr. Gillmore—put on your hats. I'm going to ring for the department auto. Peter Hess is dying in Passavant Hospital!"

CHAPTER X.
A PECULIAR STATEMENT.

WITHIN less than five minutes Chief Sheehan, O'Rourke, Dr. Gillmore and myself, not to omit a sleepy night stenographer summoned at the last second, were speeding furiously northward on La Salle street. The city at this early hour of the morning seemed totally deserted; only here and there did we catch sight of a belated pedestrian staring after us. Block after block we covered swiftly and noiselessly. Nearer and nearer we came to the Passavant Memorial Hospital, which was now our destination.

On the way the chief explained in fuller detail the message that had come in from Reilly, the detective who had been stationed at the Paris to watch for the appearance of Peter Hess. Reilly it seems, had waited hour after hour, and still no sign had come forth of the man who had apparently left his room but temporarily. At last, however, shortly before he had called up Sheehan at the Central Bureau, the phone bell in the office of the Paris had rung. The night clerk who had been talking and smoking with Reilly had answered it. A voice had inquired whether a party named Peter Hess was registered there. The night clerk had immediately slipped the receiver into Reilly's hand. Reilly, in answer to the

(Continued on Page 20.)

Concluding Chapters of the Thrilling Struggles for the Wonderful

South Sea Pebbles

By George Ethelbert Walsh

A Summary of Part Four of the Story

SCAR agreed to hide in the cave until Captain Bernice's return, and promised to kill none of her people unless attacked. Gallantly he urged her not to risk her life or future in his behalf. All he now desired was to get away from the island—empty handed, but the softness of his voice, and the fond appeal in his gaze, told the woman—plainly—that he loved her.

She led him thru a tunnel to a deep, funnel-shaped crater, at the bottom of which was a pool of water that "glimmered and sparkled like some magic mirror." It looked like a lake of quicksilver, but in reality it was a pool of pearls—the bed of the wondrous South Sea Pebbles. The pool was discovered by her father, a white man and a sea captain, who on being shipwrecked upon an island had married a Papuan princess, the daughter of an old chief. Cautioning Billy to keep away from the pool until she could return to his hiding place in the tunnel, Captain Bernice took her departure, promising to return soon.

Scar did return to the pool of pearls, in spite of his promise to keep away. So absorbed was he in again feasting his eyes on their enchanting splendor that he did not hear the click of a loosened stone behind him, nor heed the restless shadows lurking there in the semi-darkness. Next thing he knew he was hurtling down into the crater, a drop of fifty feet into the glimmering water. Hours passed and he was still swimming about, close to the walls, in desperate attempts to keep his head above the ice-cold water. Grinning black faces occasionally peered over the ledge above, gloating over the lingering death to which they believed him doomed.

This story began in No. 19, the Ledger for May 13. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER IX (Continued).

THE shadows in the hole grew rapidly after that until the Papuans above could no longer see him. Apparently they lost interest in him, for their voices grew fainter and finally died away altogether. Scar wondered if they had left him to his fate, or if one solitary sentinel was on guard above.

He waited a long time, listening, and when the silence began to get onto his nerves he raised his voice in a call. Receiving no response he repeated it, and as no stirring above followed, Scar became convinced that the place was deserted. Confident that he could not escape from the pool, the Papuans had left him to his fate with the coming of darkness.

Curiously enough the knowledge that he was alone in the pool had an unpleasant psychological effect on Scar's mind. The presence of his enemies, gloating at him from above, had kept him from brooding too much upon his immediate surroundings. His attention had been divided between them and the danger below.

Now the awful stillness of the place disturbed him. He began splashing around for the mere sake of hearing the noises the water made. Thru the opening above he could see a circular patch of sky, studded with stars that burned with unusual brilliance. They were about the only things he could see, for at the bottom of the pool the darkness was Egyptian in its blackness.

Not only is it true that misery likes company, but it craves the companionship even of enemies whose presence it may ordinarily detest. Scar experienced a creepy, panicky feeling. He was intensely lonely and frightened. Even Kalputa's presence in flesh and blood would have been a relief.

Battling in the darkness for life, with no human being in sight or hearing, and an implacable silence, deep and awesome as the grave, brooding over him, Scar grew frantic with an aweless fear. To cast off the terrifying sensation, he splashed around vigorously and raised his voice in shouts and yells. He was disappointed each time they failed to evoke a response from above.

The numbing effect of the cold, and the exhaustion of his body, began to tell on him also. He had been in the pool for hours now, he had no way of telling just how many, but it was long past sundown, perhaps midnight or after.

All thoughts of rescue from Captain Bernice had been abandoned. This had been his one hope, but it vanished with the fading twilight. She had intimated that she might be gone a long time, and she may have had in mind a day or more instead of several hours. Whatever it was that was detaining her, she could not appear until morning, and Scar had serious doubts if he could keep up the struggle until the dawn of another day.

As the numbness of exhaustion and cold crept over him, the panicky feeling left, and his mind grew measurably calmer. He paddled around automatically to keep his blood circulating, using no conscious volition in his measured strokes, and his mind freed of physical restraints wandered aimlessly into pleasant fields.

He thought of Captain Bernice, and wondered if she and Sarto, the old misol, had fought out their disagreement; he recalled Li Sin, and smiled at the trick he had played on the natives. Would Li be able to help him now if he knew of his difficulty? Li was resourceful in spite of his Oriental handicap. He hoped he was faring well with the Papuans, and not in trouble himself.

He recalled the scene in the cave when Kalputa had gone to pay his last account. What a crack shot he had made in bringing the old pirate down in the nick of time. In another minute he would have shot Captain Bernice, and—

His mind had come around to her

Something Splashed in the Water Near Him. Scar Thrust Both Hands Out in the Darkness and Caught the End of a Rope Dangling From Above.

again, as minds will when weakened by sickness or exhaustion, straying far afield in a rambling fashion, but always coming back to the central motive. It was as if she had suddenly burst upon his view in flesh and blood. Deluded by the idea, Scar stretched forth hands and murmured her name.

Then he came to his senses again, realizing that he had been dreaming. He

shook off the stupor, and tried to regain his mental equilibrium by violent exercise.

"It's the cold," he muttered. "It's sapping the life out of me. I must fight it off."

The minutes and hours dragged on. Sometimes Scar floated on his back, looking up at the stars until he was nearly mesmerized into action. Then he would flop over and begin treading water or swimming. It was a stubborn, dogged fight to keep the last flickering spark of life going. Once he abandoned hope, the end would come swiftly and surely.

At times he did not care much; it was easier to yield to the sleepy sensation than to prolong the unequal, painful struggle. Every movement of his arms and legs was a work of agony now—agony to the mind and body. Then why fight against the inevitable! What was life that it should be purchased at such a sacrifice!

From one of these dreamy reveries he was recalled by a splash in the water near him. At first his mind was too stupefied to attach any importance to it, and he vaguely concluded it was made by his own splashings. It was repeated after a short interval, but still he gave little heed to it.

Then something hit him on the head—a small pebble or stone—and the impact of it, light as it was, caused him to jerk his head upward and shout. The sting of the falling pebble awakened him from his dream as quickly and sharply as a dagger thrust. It could not be accident that three pebbles should should have fallen down the hole.

"Hello!" he cried. Then realizing that some of his tormentors had returned, he added defiantly: "Oh, yes, I'm alive, you black devils! And I'm going to stay alive! You can't kill Billy Scar! He's got a charmed life!"

He grinned at his own outburst, for it relieved his mind and stirred his flagging spirits to new energy, altho his words were unintelligible to his enemies. But a moment later he was electrified by a voice that he never expected to hear again in this world.

"Please don't shout! Keep quiet! I'm dropping a rope to you!"

Almost at the same instant something splashed in the water near him. Scar thrust both hands out in the darkness, and caught the end of a rope dangling from above.

CHAPTER X.

THE rope was there. It was no mental delusion. He could feel it and test it. And at the other end was Captain Bernice! Holding himself by it to give his aching muscles relief, he waited a moment.

"Can you climb it?" came a whispered voice from above.

"Yes, I'm coming!" he replied.

He began climbing slowly and heavily. In his physical condition he had no delusions about the difficulty of the feat. There were at least fifty feet between him and freedom.

A few yards up the rope, and he had to stop and rest. Now that his body was out of the water, the chill of the air seemed almost as great as that of the pool itself. His teeth chattered and his flesh quivered. He waited so long that Captain Bernice grew anxious, for once more she called to him.

"Can you do it?"

"Yes, I'm coming," he repeated.

He made five yards more before stopping to rest. Fearful lest he slip back, and lose what he had gained, he wrapped the rope around his legs, and even encircled his waist with it. This took some of the cutting strain off his hands and wrists.

He hung there for several minutes, doggedly summoning all his powers to his help. His heavy breathing seemed to fill the narrow space with its echoes.

"A little further and I can help you," the voice from above whispered encouragingly.

Scar roused himself and renewed the climb. His limbs and body were bruised by coming in contact with the rocky walls, for in the darkness he could not see to avoid them. Five feet, ten feet, twenty; the top could not be far off. No, he could hear the deep breathing of his rescuer.

"You're nearly out," she encouraged again. "Don't slip back. Rest, but hold on."

Altho it cost him physical agony to hold on, and excruciating pain to climb upward, Scar had no intention of slipping back and losing what he had gained. Life was suddenly dear to him, and he would make it.

Once more he wriggled upward, slower now and more painfully, but he was gaining. Inches instead of feet now counted in his favor. Looking upward he could see her head against the starlit heavens. It encouraged him. He forgot his physical agony and climbed toward it. Nothing could keep him from reaching it.

A soft but firm hand suddenly touched his. Then it gripped him by the wrist. The strength in it was enough to relieve him of some of the strain, but it was the warm, soft contact of it against his flesh that put new life in him, and gave him the power for the final spurt.

Captain Bernice was almost knocked over by the burst of strength and speed that carried Scar up and over the brink; but once on the ledge he crumpled down in a heap and panted for breath. With the need of further exertion passed, all the strength seemed to desert his body and mind.

He was dimly conscious for a time of being ministered to by her. She had thrown some outer garment of hers over his body, and was rubbing his muscles to start circulation. Slowly he managed to get a grip on his mind, and sat up.

"Well, the tables are reversed this time, Captain Bernice," he remarked, forcing a grim smile. "You come as the rescuer just when I'd decided to lay myself down to sleep with the pearls."

She was serious, and ignored his light treatment of the situation. "I couldn't come sooner," she replied gravely. "It was only by accident I learned of what Sarto did."

"So it was Sarto, was it? the old reprobate! Well, his magic worked all right for once—crept up behind me and dropped me down there before I could say Jack Robinson. How'd he know I was here?"

"I'm afraid," she added slowly, "you didn't obey me. One of my people saw you from above when you were kneeling in front of the pool."

"Yes, it was my fault. I should have kept hidden in the tunnel. But how'd they creep upon me so sudden like?"

"When Beto saw you he returned and told Sarto, and with others they entered thru the mouth of the tunnel. You must have been asleep or dreaming when they found you."

"Yes—dreaming about the South Sea Pebbles—and other things."

He smiled up at her as if expecting her to guess what the other things were. But she was too absorbed in the half-finished work to think of anything personal in the remark.

"You must hurry now," she added, "and escape from here before morning.

It's nearly that now. It will soon be light."

"So late as that? Then I must have been hours and hours down there. It seemed like days and weeks."

He rose to his feet. "I'm ready," he announced. "If you can show me the way out of here, I'll never poke my nose in it again. I never want to see the Pool of Pearls again."

"We'll go thru the tunnel," she said simply. "I came that way. Follow me closely. We mustn't make a light."

"I suppose it will be easier to hide me now," Scar remarked, following her. "Sarto and his followers will think I'm at the bottom of the pool dead, and won't look for me any more."

"Yes, and we leave in the morning. When we're gone you can come out. I'll leave provisions for you, but I don't know just how I can get you away from the island. You haven't any boat hidden here, I suppose?"

He shook his head. "Don't worry about that," he protested. "I'll get along some how. It won't be the first time I've played the Robinson Crusoe act. But—won't I see you again?"

He stopped in front of the tunnel and gazed at her. Captain Bernice in the early dawn of a new morn shook her head slowly. "I couldn't come here alone," she answered, "and if I brought any of my people with me, they—they——"

"——might burn me alive or chuck me in the pool again," he interrupted when she hesitated. "Still," slowly, "I'd risk a lot to get a glimpse of your pretty face again. I'd almost—almost——"

She stopped him with a soft hand pressure. "I'll show you the only way to go if you ever get a boat," she interrupted. "Come with me to the top of the cliff."

Scar followed her, scrambling up the rocks until they stood on the highest point of the island, directly in front of the upper rim of the Pool of Pearls. He glanced down at the hole from this higher altitude, and shuddered. It was more forbidding than when viewed from the ledge of rocks below. Its mouth yawned like a great shell hole dug out of the solid rock by some monster gun.

It was growing light rapidly, and the sea was a gray mist, beginning to glow softly in the east, Captain Bernice pointed to the south. "Off there," she explained, "is a much larger island where I go. It's inhabited by my people. You must steer away from it. Keep directly west and you will find a series of small coral reefs and islets. Beyond them you'll come to Banyan. There's a white man's colony on it, and you'll be safe."

Scar nodded at her directions, but his eyes were on her slim, pointing arm, and not on the horizon. She dropped it, and said: "That's all."

Their eyes met an instant, and for the first time since they had met she showed a little embarrassment. Stretching out a hand, she added:

"Good-by! I hope nothing will happen to you."

Scar took the hand and held it an instant.

"So it's to be good-by!" he said slowly. "I wish I could go with you, Captain Bernice. Old Sarto couldn't any more than kill me, and——"

"No, no, you're mad!" she interrupted hastily. "I couldn't protect you. Yes, it's good-by!"

She jerked her hand loose and glided swiftly away. She turned once, and called over her shoulder: "Keep out of sight until we leave the island. Don't let any one see you."

Scar nodded and watched her retreating figure. He wanted to follow her, and defy the whole tribe, but the thought that such a foolhardy adventure might involve her in further trouble dissuaded him.

"Well," he murmured, turning his face eastward to greet the morning light, "I don't have to leave here until I get ready. It may be a bit lonely, but I can stand that. She won't be so far away, and some day she'll come back for more pearls."

Smiling at the thought of future adventures in which she played an important part, he stood erect, watching the slow dawn of day breaking in the east. A glow of crimson arched above the horizon and spread its golden bars skyward. The bosom of the sea gradually lightened, and a path of silver stretched between the island and the rim of the ocean.

Scar was momentarily entranced by the view, and stood in silence, his figure clearly silhouetted in full view from nearly every part of the island. He was suddenly aroused from his dream by long-drawn out shouts and cries from the beach below. He started and whirled around.

His heart gave a great bound, for far below two score savages were gazing at him, gesticulating and shouting madly. Realizing that his carelessness had once more got him in trouble, a smothered explanation escaped his lips.

"Gosh! I've spilled the dish of beans again!" he said. "They've seen me. Now I'm in for it. They'll catch me this time for sure."

UNTIL then he had not realized that he was exposing himself to every vagrant eye on the beach, nor the wonderful effect his appearance, standing in the golden glow of the rising sun, had upon the natives. From the beach below his figure in the luminous glow seemed to take on an exaggerated size, and silhouetted against the sky it was striking and effective.

He turned suddenly to make good his escape. Now that the savages knew he was alive on the island, they would search every nook and corner of it. Scar was puzzled what to do. He could not get back to the pool, nor did he want to. There was no place there to hide, and his recent experience made him shy of it.

There was the cave, with one entrance fronting on the sea. He might elude his pursuers for a time in it, but not for long. Eventually he would be hunted down and killed.

"Well, I'll make them pay for it," he muttered. "I'll die game."

He took a hasty glance around him. The Papuans were all on the side of the island facing the coral reef, and back of him the coast was clear. He could retreat in that direction, and delay his capture.

He turned and made his way down the rocks, intending to get as far as possible from the summit before any of them could reach it. A few yards from the top he was halted by the unexpected sight of a head bobbing up and down, the owner of it climbing the rocks in front of him.

Scar would have ducked, but when the head came in full view a moment later, he stopped and exclaimed:

"Captain Bernice!"

After his first surprise, he paused and frowned. The girl was coming to his rescue again. Indifferent to her own danger, she was coming to stand by him in the moment of his greatest peril. She climbed up the rocks hastily, panting from her exertions. His mind was made up. He would not permit her to expose herself to any further risk.

"Don't come!" he shouted. "Go back! I'm going to hide! You mustn't follow! They can't catch me!"

She stopped and held her hand to her bosom in an attitude of weariness. When she could speak, her voice shook with agitation.

"Go back!" she cried. "Go back to the top of the rock, and stay there until they come!"

Scar smiled at this absurd order, and shrugged his shoulders. "No, I'm going to hide, and if they find me fight to the last breath!"

"No, no, you must go back! Quick, before it's too late! Oh, don't you understand! Can't you listen to me!"

In her agitation, she dashed to him and grasped his arm as if she would make him turn around.

"What's the good!" he grumbled, allowing himself to be pushed unwillingly back. "They'll get me up there at the first shot."

"No, no! Oh, why are you so stupid!"

Scar grinned foolishly at this remark—not that he wasn't willing to admit the charge was true, but it was unpleasant to have her tell him so.

"You want me to be shot in the open without a chance to defend myself?" he queried. "All right! I'll do whatever you ask, Captain Bernice. I'll jump in the Pool of Pearls, if you say so, and make a dinner off them."

"It's your only chance," she panted. "They'll soon be here, and you must be up there when them come. They—they think you're a god or something. They knew you were thrown into the pool last night, and no man could ever get out of it alive. It's a miracle to them. Even Sarto's frightened. The sight of you up here welcoming the morning sun has terrified them. They believe—believe—Oh, don't you understand?"

Scar's mouth gaped wide open, and his hand brushed his forehead in puzzled wonderment. "You mean—you want me—you think— Say," he broke off in desperation, "I ain't no little god! I haven't lost my senses yet."

She looked at him as if she thought him worse than stupid. "You will lose them and your life, too, if you don't go back at once! They've seen you."

"Yes, I know that," was the grinning retort. "That's why I ran. I don't fancy being chucked in that pool again or burned alive."

"They won't touch you," she panted, dragging him along. "They're afraid of you. I saw Sarto grovelling in the sand. He's more terrified than the others. He thinks it's a miracle—your coming out of the pool to greet the sun. They'll fall down and worship you, and—and—maybe ask you to be their chief."

Scar chuckled at the absurdity of the idea, but Captain Bernice was serious.

"They did it once with poor father," she added breathlessly. "They took him for some sort of miracle man, and they made him chief. He—he played the game! Can you?"

Scar swung around and faced her at this challenge. "Why, yes, if you want me to," he replied, smiling coolly. "But what of you? I thought you were their—their leader or queen."

An expression of sadness swept swiftly across her face. Then she looked up, and said simply: "I am, but they're—they're dissatisfied with a woman leader. They were disappointed when I was born. They were expecting a man to follow their white chieftain, and Sarto's been sullen and rebellious ever since father's death. Now he'll be ready to welcome you, and——"

"You think I am going to take your place?" grumbled Scar; but she interrupted him quickly.

"Run! Hurry, before it's too late! I must not be seen or they'll suspect something. Don't be afraid, and don't oppose them. If you attempt to fight, it will all be over. Oh, please, for my sake!"

Scar felt he had no choice in the matter, and after glancing back at her flying figure he walked slowly back to the summit of the rocks to await his fate.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Papuans were coming up the other side of the rocks, climbing over each other to make haste; but as they ran they stopped every few rods to prostrate themselves on their faces and go thru queer motions. Scar watched them with strange emotions.

"Well, of all the dinky adventures this beats all," he muttered, grinning. "To be made chief by a lot of dirty natives after they tried to burn me and then drown me! If I ain't looney, I guess I soon will be."

The savages were approaching nearer. Scar watched them with a certain amount of caution and suspicion. It might be another trick of theirs. His gun was useless now after being soaked for hours in the pool, and he felt quite helpless in the presence of so many enemies.

"Well," he added, drawing a deep breath, "if Captain Wood could get away with it, I fancy I can make a try at it. I wonder how a king or sultan or chief, or whatever they take me for, should act."

He scratched his head and looked perplexed. Suddenly he glanced in the direction of the rising sun, and smiled. He recalled a picture he had seen somewhere of an American Indian watching the setting sun, with one hand shielding his eyes, as he peered into space across the rocky canyons.

"That's my pose," he soliloquized. "I'll bet I can beat Sara Bernhardt at it. Well, here goes!"

Striking the attitude as his mind recalled the picture, he stood like a stone stature on the top of the rocks, with his eyes directed toward the sun, one hand raised as if to protect them from the glaring light. Straight across the sea he gazed, as if in silent communion with the spirits beyond, and while the natives crept nearer and nearer his nerves and muscles twitched under the trying ordeal. Never before had Billy Scar, adventurer and castaway, been subjected to such a test of nerve. Every moment he expected to hear the whining drone of

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a dart aimed for his head or the whistling of a spear as it flew thru the air. But nothing save the patter of many feet, and the hard breathing of their owners, disturbed the silence.

Then these noises stopped, and all was still—so still that Scar, in spite of his effort at self-control, turned his head. The savages had advanced to within fifty feet of him and were spread out in a double half circle. They were on hands and knees watching him with bulging eyes. Foremost in the nearest rank was Sarto, the old misol.

Scar glanced down at him, still holding his pose. Sarto knocked the earth with his forehead, and began crawling toward him, uttering some strange jargon. The others dared not move. An incredible desire to laugh seized Scar, but he fought it back and kept a stern countenance.

"All right, Sarto, you old scoundrel," he said. "If you want to lick my hand come ahead. But I'd like to belt you one on that flat nose for what you made me go thru with last night."

At the sound of his voice, Sarto prostrated himself three times, and then renewed his forward crawling until he was within a yard of Scar. The latter dropped his hand and added:

"Lick it, you dog, if you want to!"

The old misol hesitated a second, and then with what was to him a wonderful show of courage he seized the hand and touched his forehead with it. Springing to his feet, he swung around and shouted to the others. There was a simultaneous rush for Billy, and for a moment he was certain that this was all the part of a trick to get him without a fight.

But the savages flung themselves down before him, and fought for the privilege of touching his hand. When they had finished, the last one having performed the little ceremony, Scar had about reached the limit. He burst into a roar of laughter.

This, instead of offending, seemed to be the signal for general jubilation. It meant their new chief was well pleased with his people. Led by Sarto, they began dancing around him, and making the most outlandish noises with their throats. Scar stood it for five minutes.

"What am I supposed to do next, I wonder," he muttered. "I don't understand this chieftain business a bit. I wish Captain Bernice was here to give me a cue."

As if she had been summoned by his wish like the magic of the magic lamp, she came into view at that instant, struggling up the sides of the cliff in the rear of the savages. She had made a complete circle of the rocks to appear on the other side of the island.

Scar smiled and raised his hands toward her. "I've turned the trick, Captain Bernice," he called, "but I'll be hanged if I know what to do next. I need an interpreter."

Sarto, who had watched and heard, was suddenly galvanized into new activity. With a wild whoop he started down the rocks, and caught Captain Bernice by the hand and helped her up. Once more Scar had unwittingly performed the right thing at the right moment. The old misol led Captain Bernice to his side and placed one of her hands in his.

"Well, this is better than their dirty paws," he said, smiling down into the face that was slowly crimsoning. "Now tell me what they're jabbering about."

Captain Bernice frowned and bit her lips. She said something to Sarto in his native dialect, and turned a richer crimson.

"What's he saying?" persisted Scar.

"I—I don't quite understand him—that is——" She stammered and stopped. Scar looked suspiciously at her.

"What's wrong?" he added. "Have I spoilt the play? Don't be afraid to tell me. I didn't expect to get away with it, and——"

"No, no," she interrupted. "You've done splendidly. They've accepted you as their leader. You were sent to them out of the Pool of Pearls to be their chief, and—and——"

"Well!" growled Billy, confident that she was holding something back from him. "What's the trouble then? What's old Sarto jabbering about?"

Captain Bernice's cheeks glowed as red as the rising sun. "I—I must explain," she stammered. "It's the custom, you know, and doesn't mean anything to us. But—but——"

Scar was more interested in watching the play of color on her cheeks than in listening to her words. The light olive skin was ablaze with a wondrously fine stain that made her beautiful. A sudden desire to kiss the cheeks seized his fancy. She was a wild beauty, with just enough of the savage in her to make her desirable.

"But what?" he asked in an absent-minded way.

"It's their custom," she began again in a weak voice, "for—for the new chief to—to—marry. Oh, it's just custom, and nothing else! It's like play acting. They're merely children in many ways, and Sarto——"

"Wants me to accept you as my wife?" Billy interrupted with a grin.

The stain on the olive cheeks spread to neck and bosom, but Scar took no notice of her embarrassment. He seized one of her hands.

"Well, you tell old Sarto I'm willing," he said.

He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

This act sent the whole crowd off into a wild frenzy of delight, and while they danced around them Scar held the imprisoned hand and gazed down into the pretty face.

"It's only—only to satisfy them, and to save your life," she stammered. "When we get off the island I'll find a way to free you, and you can forget this."

"Do they grant divorces so easily as that down here?" he asked, smiling humorously.

"Divorces!" she exclaimed, glancing up with startled eyes. "You—this is no marriage!"

"It is, according to the customs of your people, isn't it?"

"Yes, but—please let go of my hand! You hurt it! —I—I——"

She tried to jerk it away from him, but Scar clung all the tighter "You can't go until this is settled," he said steadily. "We're married, according to the law of your tribe."

She fastened her blue eyes on him troubledly. "Yes," she admitted slowly, "we—you and I—are married according to the laws of tribe, but the ceremony means nothing because——" She looked him squarely in the eyes. "Can a woman trust you with a secret that means almost as much as life itself?"

"Yes—if you are that woman, nothing can ever pry it from me," he said softly.

Her eyes fell with undimmed affection upon the kneeling savages. Then she turned to him. She spoke in a low voice.

"My whole position in the South Seas hinges solely upon the fact that I am the daughter of a Papuan princess and a supposedly derelict South Sea captain. But the real baby daughter of that Papuan princess, who I am supposed to be—my queen mother of the tribe told me all before she passed away—died shortly after birth; and to the queen's hungry arms was given in place of it, so that he might get protection from the tribe, the living girl baby of this sea captain who had landed on the island a week before with a young wife he had married in Australia. The young white wife had died, and only an old Papuan witch-doctor, who is dead today, knew of the exchange of the two babies."

"Then——" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she said. "I—I am as white as you are—yet I must stay for life and serve this tribe—they need me—they are my people in all but the bond of blood—and I should know no other life on any other part of the globe."

His face broke into a broad grin. "Then it stands—this tribal marriage. And your secret is locked forever as far as one, Scar, is concerned. And as soon as we get the chance we'll steal away and get married in the white man's way by the white man's ceremony. And then back we'll come to these sunny islands. Is it agreed? If it isn't, I'll make a break for liberty, and if they chase me I'll fight them to the finish."

"Oh, they'd kill you!" she interrupted in a little frightened voice.

Scar nodded. "Yes, but I'd kill a few of them first."

"You musn't do such a foolish thing."

"Then play the game! Can't you?"

The repetition of her challenge disquieted her. She threw back her head and looked him squarely in the eyes.

"Yes, I'll play it," she replied, "until you're tired of it."

"I guess," drawled Billy, "that day will never come. I've never been a quitter in love or adventure, and now I've got a real queen for a wife I'm going to hang on to her. I fancy I've been in love with you, Captain Bernice, ever since I first saw you in Kaol harbor. That's why I've been following your trail all these years."

He scarcely noticed the downcast eyes and tremulous lips now, for his gaze was seaward, absently watching the golden path made by the sun. "I've always dreamed of spending the rest of my days on one of these lovely sun-lit islands," he added, speaking to himself more than to her. "The lure of the South Seas got me years ago. I can't go back to civilization. I'd always hunger for this. And now," turning to her with a smile, "my dream's coming true. I was always afraid I might get lonely after a while, but I guess there's no danger of that now. Do you think you'll get tired of me, Captain Bernice?"

Billy's wooing was of an abrupt nature, and in full view of the grinning, dancing audience; but then he had never lived a conventional life, and the South Sea atmosphere is not conducive to parlor sentimentality.

Captain Bernice raised her eyes to reply, but dropped them almost immediately and was strangely silent, her bosom heaving with the virgin emotion that transforms the young of every clime when the right time comes.

A sudden commotion beyond the ring of savages startled them. When they glanced up they saw Li Sin coming up the bluff, carried on the shoulders of four Papuans. A smile of beatific satisfaction rested on his face. Seeing Billy, he hailed him in his high, piping voice.

"Me verra good cook, Mister Scar. Me like cook for um. Me greatest cook in South Seas. Me put 'em to sleep, an' they like it verra much. Me put 'em to sleep, an' they dream verra elegant dreams. They say Li magic cook."

He winked broadly and cracked his seamed face with another smile.

"Li, you old sinner," replied Scar, "you can't mister me any more. I'm your chief. Get down and crawl to me with the others, and then kiss the hand of Mrs. Scar—I mean Queen Bernice. She's my wife."

Li's eyes opened wide with astonishment; then closed until the pupils were visible only thru a narrow slit. He bowed in oriental style.

"Me verra glad. Verra good wife to have. Me cook for um, too."

"Yes," smiled Billy, "but don't put any of that sleeping drug in our food, Li, or I'll feed you to the sharks. We don't like opium dreams."

"Verra good dreams sometimes," murmured Li, with the utmost gravity. "But when you wake up there's a tam bad feeling in head, and it make you sick. Me hope you never wake up, Mister Scar, and verra nice lady Queen."

It was Li Sin's typical Chinese way of expressing his congratulations, and as always there was a little tinge of true philosophy to it. Would they wake up, his oriental mind questioned, and find their dreams composed of equal parts of spirit and matter, which, like oil and water, mingle but do not mix?

THE END.

Motto of State of Michigan.

THE motto of the State of Michigan, "Si Quaeris Peninsulam Amoenam Circumspice" (If You Seek a Beautiful Peninsula Look About You), was borrowed rather shamelessly from the inscription which appears on the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, in memory of its architect, Sir Christopher Wren. This inscription reads: "Si Monumentum Requiris Circumspice" (If You Seek His Monument Look About You). In other words, the great church is itself a monument to the greatest of English architects.

Sir Christopher Wren was born in 1622 and died in 1723. He won many honors, was knighted by Charles II., later elected president of the Royal Society of London and served for a time in Parliament. But his fame rests chiefly on his having designed St. Paul's, the most magnificent edifice in the world and second only to St. Peter's in Rome among the religious structures of modern times. It required thirty-five years in building, but was begun and completed under Wren's sole direction. It cost $3,500,000.

First Illustrated Book.

THERE was a time when the first illustrated book created a veritable sensation. The even occurred in the year 70 B. C. Varro, a rather mediocre writer of ancient Rome, had been struggling for recognition for a good many years, when he suddenly conceived the idea of preparing a volume containing the biographies of 700 of his famous fellow citizens.

History is silent on the rather interesting question whether Varro charged them for his services, but it is loud in his praise as the first writer who conceived the idea of illustrating his work with portraits, observes the Detroit News.

They were crudely drawn. But they were illustrated all the same and after that the custom of embellishing historical works with drawings became a fad among the writers of those days.

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VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

HAVE you ever had some one accuse you of saying something about some one that you never said in all this world? I am sure a great many of us have had this unfair experience. To quote a person incorrectly is a major crime.

My little mother and I had a luncheon appointment at our favorite department store the other day, and, as I arrived twenty minutes beforehand, I told the waitress at our accustomed table for two to delay taking my order until my companion arrived. As I waited, at peace with the world, I heard two young women at a table very near mine talking in subdued tones about some singer.

Now my eyes and ears are always wide open for something that might prove of interest to you; so instead of humming a tune at myself or stopping my ears, I sat there allowing the conversation to drift right to me.

"I think she's a wonderful singer," said the woman in gray to the one in black. "And Clara does, too."

"Clara!" expostulated the one in black. "Why, you're mistaken, aren't you, dear? Clara told me that she thought her singing the most atrocious she ever heard!"

"Did she, really? Why, the hypocrite! Clara sat in back of us at the concert and I heard her simply rave about the prima donna. Why, there's Clara coming toward us now, in the doorway. Talking of angels—— She's seen us. Let's ask her again what she thinks of Mlle. Florentia."

The young woman they had called Clara came laughingly toward the other two and seated herself with them. After a few greetings the woman in gray told Clara, "We were just discussing Mlle. Florentia's concert."

"Oh!" exclaimed Clara, enthusiastically. "What a divine voice! What a gift she has. It makes me think of great pearls spilling upon velvet and tumbling over it. But do you know, my dears, she uses it atrociously! She doesn't know the least thing about how to use that wonderful voice. She does all sorts of thoroly bad things with her throat and she forces and sings strained and if she doesn't mend her ways she's simply going to ruin that gorgeous gift God gave her."

"I see," said the woman in black.

"Fancy that!" remarked the woman in gray.

My mother came just then, but I had heard enough to realize that here had been a direct case of misquoting, or rather, mistaken quoting. Clara had said the voice was wonderful. The woman in gray had misunderstood and thought she meant the singing was wonderful, which is entirely different, as she soon realized.

Another example of misquotation proved very interesting. When I was in India, our party was honored with the friendship of a prince of that land, whom we shall call Maharane. Not long ago, the prince made a visit to America and of course was interviewed by the papers. The morning the interviews were published, several headlines ran in the following strain: "Prince Maharane can't stand America." And beneath,

(Continued on Page 13.)

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST.

Oranges
Cereal and Cream
Bacon
Buns Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Clear Tomato Soup
Nut and Potato Loaf
Fried Eggplant Celery
Soft Caramel Custard

SUPPER.

Stewed Carrots
Bread and Butter
Apple and Nut Salad
Cookies

Buns.

Two cups of milk scalded and cooled; add one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar, and flour to make a stiff batter. Add one-half cup of yeast to batter. Let rise over night; in morning add one-half cup sugar, one-half cup butter (melted) and flour enough to make it stiff enough to knead. Let rise again until light, shape into small biscuit and rise again. Bake in hot oven till brown.

Stewed Carrots.

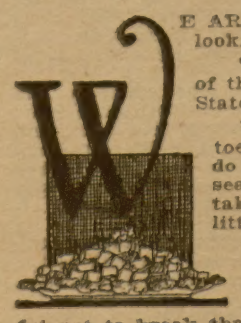
Wash and scrape six large carrots; parboil them and slice them into a stewpan; add a teacupful of broth or stock, pepper and salt to taste, and half a teacupful of cream; simmer until the carrots are tender, but not at all broken. Thisken the gravy with flour, let boil up, and serve.

Soft Caramel Custard.

One quart milk, one-half cup sugar, six eggs, one-half teaspoon salt. Put the milk on to boil, reserving a cupful. Beat eggs and add cold milk to boil, reserving a cupful. Beat eggs and add cold milk to them. Stir sugar in small frying pan till it becomes liquid and just begins to smoke. Stir it into boiling milk, then add beaten eggs and cold milk and stir constantly until mixture thickens. Set away to cool.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

MAKING OLD POTATOES NEW



WE ARE at a season when old potatoes taste as old as they look.

That is, we are tired of them, and we crave the flavor of the new potatoes that are in many regions of the United States as yet expensive novelties in the markets.

Well, the only thing to do is to doctor up the old potatoes so that they taste as good as new potatoes. You can do it, too. Just try unusual ways of serving them, and season them carefully, and see if your family does not take to them as delightedly as it would to the luxurious little new ones.

STUFFED POTATOES.

Choose large, smooth potatoes, bake until done; remove from the oven and cut a round piece off the top of each; take out the inside of the potato, being careful not to break the skin. Set aside the empty skins with the pieces cut from the tops; mash the potato; season with butter, pepper and salt, and moisten with milk or cream; put into a saucepan on the stove, and when hot, add a well-beaten egg for every six potatoes; stir all together thoroly, fill the skins, put on the tops and return to the oven for a few minutes. Send to the table hot.

BROILED POTATOES.

Cut cold boiled potatoes in rather thick slices; dip in beaten egg, then in sifted bread or cracker crumbs; place on the buttered bars of broiler and broil until a golden brown. Serve on a warm dish garnished with cress. After the slices of potatoes are breaded, they may be fried in butter if preferred. Or instead of breading them, dip in melted butter and then broil.

POTATO DUMPLINGS.

Grate three large potatoes in half cup of milk, one egg, one-half teaspoon baking powder, half teaspoon of salt; add flour till it won't stick to your spoon; roll into a ball and steam 45 minutes.

POTATO SALAD.

Six cold boiled potatoes, good size, whites of two hard-boiled eggs, one medium-sized onion, chop medium fine, season with salt and pepper to taste, add a tablespoonful celery seed (or may be omitted), and mix well. Mash the yolks of the eggs to a paste, add a tablespoonful of butter (have warm), and one-third cup good vinegar. Stir well, pour over other ingredients, tossing all with a silver fork until well mixed.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

IN CHURCH

WHETHER or not you are a church member, when you are in a church building you should conform to a certain extent to the forms of the church. At least you should never let your non-conformity cause conspicuousness or give offense.

Weddings and funerals are the two most usual occasions when we find ourselves in churches of denominations not our own. A few rules of behavior will help us never to offend the feelings of anybody or to make ourselves conspicuous.

Usually an usher shows you to a seat. It is the height of ill breeding to argue with him about the seat. He will very often ask you where you wish to sit and you should then tell him. If he gives you a seat that you think is too far forward or too far back it is permissible to ask him to change it, but it is highly unsuitable to argue the matter with him.

Nothing is ruder than to insist on keeping an aisle seat when an usher places other persons in the pew where you are sitting. The man of a group of persons usually sits on the aisle, because he stands aside while the women enter the pew, but the man alone occupying an aisle seat usually moves along when the usher brings others to sit with him.

At a funeral in a church whispering or subdued talking are entirely out of place—even more so than at ordinary church services.

You should be in your place at least five minutes before the hour announced for the time for the funeral service to begin, as nothing can be in worse taste than arriving late or when the family are taking places. Customarily the members of the family present sit in the front pews and enter the church if possible from a side door, near these pews. You should, of course, stay quietly in your place until the funeral procession has left and then you should leave with as little commotion as possible.

These Talks on Etiquette Appear Each Week in the Ledger.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

EDITH

EDITH has a charming augury. Her name means happiness in the Anglo-Saxon, as it is believed to be derived from the word "ead." Withal, it is a perplexing name to follow in its various interpretations. It has the same root as Edward, Edwin, and Edgar, and, curiously enough, Editha appears early in its history as the contraction of Eadgitha, which means to have been the earliest authentic name.

If we accept Eadgitha as being the forerunner of Edith, then its interpretation is somewhat different, as the emphasis is placed upon the "githa," which is thought to be a phonetic variation of gifa or gifu, meaning gift. In that case, Edith means rich gift.

Gyda was a popular feminine name among the Norse, and Gytha was the daughter of Swend, King of Denmark. Gydia was a Norse goddess and became the old Norse exalted conception of womanhood

The first Eadgyth was the daughter of Earl Godwin, of whom Ingulf said: "Sicut spina rosam, genuit Godwinus Egitham." But in the roll of her lands in "Donesday," she is called Eddeva. Eddid and Edeva were much used by the Normans, but the queen of Henry I., who bore the name, was not permitted anything so Saxon and she became Edith.

The Pope's mother was one illustrious Edith; it was also the name of Southey's wife. Scott gave it to the Maid of Lorn and made it likewise the name of the heroine of Old Mortality. It is now a reigning favorite in England and America.

The jewel assigned to Edith is the agate, which promises popularity and persuasiveness for its wearer. Its prophecy is best revealed in some very ancient poet's rhyme to the wearer of the agate:

"Adorned with this, thou woman's heart shall gain,
And by persuasion thy desire attain;
And if of men thou aught demand, shall come
With all thy wish fulfilled, rejoicing home."

This obliging stone further promises courage and a bold heart in times of danger; to dream of it signifies a journey. Edith's flower is a wild rose. Her lucky day is Friday and 4 is said to be her talismanic number.

Next Week: AURORA. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 8 and 26

Nearing the End of the Line in

A Double-headed Conspiracy

by Horace Howard Herr

CHAPTER XIV.

WELL, and you can spell it with an "H" if you want to, you know what happens when the dispatcher gives out lap orders. A lap order calls for two trains, going opposite directions, to occupy the same piece of track at the same time and the result always is mussy and sometimes fatal. If I had been equipped by nature with a double track mind I could have operated my matrimonial trains on one track and had the other clear for Continental affairs, but being of a single track mentality, and equipped with no block system, so to speak, sentiment got all mixed up with business and for a time it looked as if there was nothing more I could do but order out the wrecker and crew to pick up the debris.

I might have known Billy Barber's mountain diplomacy would appear on the scene some place where it wasn't scheduled, wearing a six-shooter and spurs! Billy Barber just wasn't going to stand by and see ruin overtake the family to which his Miss Patricia belonged. If he had dropped an intimation of what was going thru his mind when, the day before the annual meeting, he showed up and asked me to go over, with him, the by-laws of the Continental Railway Company, especially those sections which governed the voting of stock, the election of officers and the annual meeting of the board of directors, I might have kept him safe and sane. My idea of nothing to read is the by-laws of a railroad company; other than providing a fat fee for a railroad attorney, I don't know what real service they perform. Billy professed to be interested in them and was still studying them when I departed for my second and, I hoped, my last trip to Eversdale on the In & Out.

Billy had just finished reading to me the section of the by-laws which fixed the end of the fiscal year as June 30 and provided for the annual meeting to be held thirty days later, to wit, on July 30, at 2 p. m., provided that the hereinbefore mentioned July 30 is a day other than Sunday and provided further that in such years as the before mentioned date falls on Sunday, the annual meeting herein mentioned shall be held on July 31, at 2 p. m. and on no other day or date except and provided and heretofore and hereafter and whereas, until a fellow couldn't be sure whether he was riding or walking! If ever I'm called on to write by-laws I'm going to have them illustrated with funny pictures so there will be something interesting about them! Billy waded thru all that language and remarked that it was "rather interesting," just as the telephone bell rang.

Miss Buraleen was on the wire. She was talking from Eversdale. Mr. Shirley was in Eversdale and said he was willing to talk with me regarding the stock certificate. "Didn't I think it was worth while to come to Eversdale at once and make one more effort to get Mr. Shirley to listen to reason?" Of course I did and, of course, the one train on the In & Out I wanted was due to leave in twenty minutes. Knowing that trains on the In & Out, as a rule, do not run fast enough to make the engine puff I wasn't much excited over the short call altho the taxi driver seemed to be.

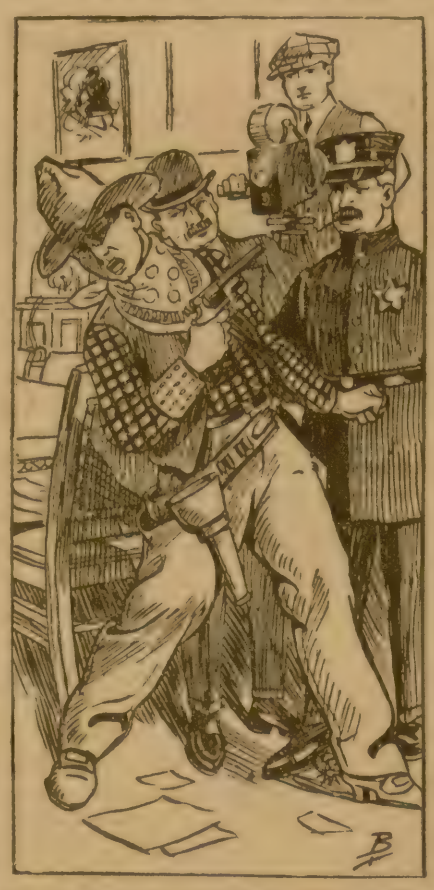
The less said about that ride on the In & Out the better; the less said about any ride on the In & Out, the better. Life brings us many unpleasantnesses which are better not advertised. The train came very near making its schedule thereby giving me three hours in Eversdale before the midnight train back to the city. Three hours is time enough for dinner and business if business doesn't take too long.

Buraleen met me at the depot and was in high spirits. She was sure Mr. Shirley had begun to see the impropriety of his conduct. I didn't tell her so, but I was sure that Mr. Shirley had tried to make a deal with Dane Bishoff and failed. The rectitude of one's behavior, to use a phrase which has the approval of a college diploma, depends, sometimes, on the unprofitableness of being a crook.

We, meaning Miss Buraleen and I, took passage in Eversdale's taxicab and after an uncertain voyage drew up before the Pacific Hotel where Shirley was stopping.

Notwithstanding the fact that both Miss Buraleen and young Shirley had had their evening rations, as a concession to me, they agreed to transact our business over a dinner table in the restaurant and, taken all in all, it was a very satisfactory business session beginning with clam chowder, celery and fish, passing on to a pot roast and brown potatoes with side dishes of green peas and cauliflower, tomato salad, a pot of coffee, blueberry pie a la mode and ending up with crackers and cheese and a cup of black coffee which would have been more satisfactory if the cup had been larger.

When we got down to it our business seemed to be not so much a question as to whether or not Shirley would deliver up the stock certificate, as the future relations between Miss Buraleen and the Shirley Publishing Company. If the stock certificate was delivered, would she, or would she not, continue to find likely prospects for future books on the



"Don't Spoil the Picture!" Billy Barber Was Pleading, "Be Rough, I Tell You."

Self-made Suckers in Industry? That was the question and until Miss Buraleen would rescind an ultimatum to the effect that she would have nothing to do with any concern which had what she was pleased to call a "low ethical standard," Shirley wasn't wild about delivering the stock certificate.

Miss Buraleen finally agreed to resume her activities and Shirley, at once, said he was quite willing to return the stock certificate to Mac.

"If you mean business," Buraleen said, "just deliver to Mr. Shirley right now."

"Oh, I'll deliver all right!" Shirley exclaimed, "but to Mr. McKearney. The stock came from him and, of course, the thing for me to do is to return it to him, personally."

"That's fair enough," I admitted. "We will have to get the midnight train to the city. I'll get the tickets and the Pullman reservations. Miss Buraleen, of course you'll go in with us and see this thing thru."

I wanted her to go because I was bound to have the satisfaction of forcing Mac to thank her for saving his little railroad and I meant to see to it, also, that Pat and Kate and everybody else who had not been fair with Buraleen, should have occasion to hear, in Buraleen's presence, how much they owed to her.

Any time you ride the In & Out you want to remain awake. When I climbed into an upper that night it seemed to me the world was running smoothly enough to warrant my taking a little shut-eye. I went to sleep and, being the only real railroad man on the train, it was to be expected that something serious would happen while I was off the job. It happened all right and as a result the morning papers had a front page story and I pulled in at the general offices of the Continental Railroad Company, at 2:35 p. m of the next day, the day of the annual meeting, in very much bad order, more or less blistered and wearing a pair of crap-shooting trousers which had been lent me by a negro porter who measured about five feet at the equator.

I SHOWED up without the stock certificate, thirty-five minutes after the legal hour for the annual meeting, carrying signals for Shirley and Buraleen who had gone directly to Shirley's office from the railroad station to get that piece of lithographed paper that was causing all of us so much trouble. I thought, perhaps, I would be in time to stall the meeting until Buraleen and Shirley got there, but I couldn't do it quite, because the meeting already had been stalled by Billy Barber.

I arrived at the office just as the big, Irish cop to whom the office boy had appealed, pulled in and I found Billy Barber, dolled up in a regular moving picture outfit for a Western bad man, being led out of the directors' room by the Irish cop, ably assisted by the private detective or policeman assigned to our building.

The door to the directors' room opened into Mac's office and there, with the muzzle trained on the trio, was a sporty looking young chap with a moving picture machine perched upon three legs, grinding away as if grinding away was his regular occupation.

"Don't spoil the picture!" Billy Barber was pleading with the newly arrived officer. "Be rough! Be rough, I tell you, just like it was the real thing."

"Th' hell with it!" the new cop exclaimed in disgust, as he took in the surroundings. "Ye'll make no fool of me with one of thim films."

"Grab me!" Billy urged. "Don't ruin the whole show. I'll make it worth your while," and then, as the building officer roughly shoved Billy ahead of him toward the door leading out of Mac's office Billy encouraged him:

"That's the stuff, make it lively and real!"

"I'll show you that you can't pull this stuff and get away with it," said the building officer, and he was sure mad and no play-like with him. "Lend me a hand, Flaherty; this is the real thing, all right, and this fellow goes to headquarters."

It was evident that Flaherty was as much confused by the lay-out as I was, and I'm sure he would have gone about his business, if he had any, and left the movie actors to stage their own show, if old man Trotter hadn't come out of the directors' room at that moment sputtering mad:

"It's outrageous!" he exclaimed. "This fellow coming in here with pistols and breaking up a business meeting of the directors of a great railroad. I'll prosecute——"

"This way, colonel," Billy Barber yelled at him in wild anxiety. "You are too far over, the camera won't get you. Shake your fists and make out like you are real angry! You know it isn't what you say that makes a picture, it's the action."

Old man Trotter ducked back into the directors' room evidently determined that he would not appear in Billy Barber's new film success.

"Stop the crank!" Billy called to the young fellow who was operating the machine. "That's enough on the inside. Get down to the street now and get set for the patrol wagon and the street scene."

"And you'll get a regular picture, too," the building officer exclaimed, as he fished out a pair of handcuffs and made a grab for Billy's arms.

"Not so fast, the machine isn't working," Billy said, as he took hold of the building officer by the shoulder and stood him back a step or two. "You're thru now. We'll have to have a uniformed officer for the street. Mr. Flaherty'll help us out I know."

"What the devil is going on, annyhow?" Mr. Flaherty asked.

"Just a chance for you to make fifty dollars!" Billy replied. "You take me as your prisoner, walk me out of the building down on the street and to the nearest call box. Don't mind the crowd or anything else. Just be natural like you were making a pinch on some smooth guy. When you get to the call box the fifty is yours."

"Wait a minute!" I interrupted, having got enough breath in my system to make a little vocal noise.

"We can't wait a minute," Billy pro-

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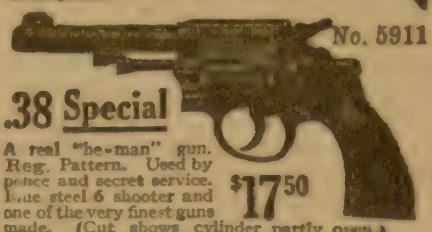
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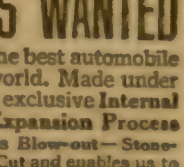
Send No Money

Don't send a penny. Just your name, address, state whether for lady or gentleman, boy or girl, and size ring size. We will send you a solid Sterling Silver Chinese Good Luck Ring at once by prepaid parcel post. When you receive the ring send us $1.50 plus a few pennies postage charges. Then wear the ring for ten days and if it does not bring you the best of luck or you are in any way dissatisfied, return the ring to us at end of 10 days and your $1.50 will be promptly refunded.



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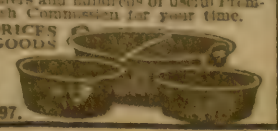

THE PERRY G. MASON CO., 326 Culvert & 5th St., Cincinnati, O. Founded 1897.

tested. "The light in the street will be bad in a few minutes. If you wanted to get in the picture you should have showed up in uniform. Now keep out of this, because Mr. Flaherty knows how and he'll take a much better picture anyhow; he's a regular officer."

With that the private officer who watches the building began to sputter. He rushed into the directors' room as if seeking assistance.

"Come on, Mr. Flaherty; we'll go down the elevator and I'll explain the rest to you when we get to the entrance.

Down they went, and as near the hospital as I was, down I went with them, and as soon as the movie camera was out on the street Billy told Flaherty to take him, Billy, by the shoulder and start for the nearest call box, treating him rough. Flaherty was good at treating him rough, and about the first time he gave Billy a yank everybody for a block was rushing up to see the excitement.

The procession wended its way up the street to the nearest call box, the camera man keeping behing Flaherty and Billy, grinding the crank as if his life depended on it. The crowd got too thick for me and I wanted to know what had happened back in the directors' room. The crowd was big enough so that my absence wouldn't spoil the mob scene in the picture, so I doubled back into Mac's office and on into the director's room.

BY THE time I got back to Mac's office Buraleen and Shirley were there and Shirley had the stock certificate, too. But Mac wasn't there and, in the directors' room, silence brooded over a telephone that had been thrown to the floor and several chairs which had been tipped over and a large lake of black ink which spread itself from an overturned ink stand in the center of the great mahogany table.

In the outer office no one was working. The hired help was huddled together in little groups, and if the conversation was in an undertone, it was excited, nevertheless.

The directors' room looked as if Mac might have had an argument with some one. Certainly something most unusual had taken place. If only I could find Miss Martin I might be able to answer some of the questions Buraleen and Shirley were popping at me.

"Are we too late?" Buraleen asked.

"Looks as if you'd have to take in the second show!" I admitted.

"But what's the game?" Shirley asked.

"You can search me and if you find the answer let me in on it," I replied, and then Miss Martin came in, calm and as homely and efficient as ever.

"Where's Mac?" I asked Miss Martin.

"He will be here in a few minutes; he is on his way down here from the house."

"What has been going on here?"

"I believe your friend from Arizona decided it was in Mr. McKearney's interests to break up the meeting, and he did."

"I'll say he did!" I exclaimed. "Did they get down to the election?"

"They didn't get as far as calling the meeting to order. Your friend stepped in the room at 1:55 and he left here a minute ago escorted by a policeman."

"Was Mac here?"

"No, he said it was no use."

That last remark from Miss Martin, and the way she said it convinced me something was wrong someplace along the pike. The idea of Mac passing up an annual meeting or admitting that a fight was lost before he was licked twice over.

I guess my highly strung nervous temperament couldn't stand the pace; I tried to think, tried to make some sense out of the situation, and I guess thinking that way, after the experiences of the night, was too much for my overworked brain. At any rate, the room began to swing back and forth and in order to keep from bumping my head against the walls I laid myself down on the floor.

It felt very comfortable on the floor and I was sleepy and the world was all upside down, anyhow, and if Mac wanted to give away his railroad I should worry about it!

CHAPTER XV.

A HEAD-ON smash is bad enough on any railroad, but it a terrible thing on the In & Out because it lasts so long. For a week following the annual meeting, which wasn't, I did nothing but pick passengers from burning stock cars, while Billy Barber, wearing the uncured and uncurled epidermis of a Navajo goat, took my picture with a movie machine.

It must have been a great strain on Kate to have a railroad wreck in the house, with a couple of doctors rushing hither and yon and all the friends of the hero calling to see if they got him out from under the wreckage.

Dr. Sanderson, ten days after the smash, had provided him with a steady income, said by all the laws of nature I should have turned in my waybills, switch key and badge and quit this earthly pike for a preferred run in some other world. He said, according to the medical multiplication table, I should have dropped dead at the scene of the wreck, and, now that it is over and ancient history, I'm willing to admit that it was only my disinclination to appear in public in my red pajamas, even when dead, that kept me from giving up the game that night the In & Out midnight flyer took an open switch at Clydville and crashed into the head end of thirty cars of ham on the hoof.

On the head end of the flyer was a Prairie type engine, a mail car, baggage car and a diner. The remainder of the

With My Bald and Rather Blistered Head in Miss Buraleen's Lap.

train was heavy Pullmans, which stood up pretty well under the shock. The mail and baggage cars and the diner went to pieces pretty much and the string took fire.

The crash jammed my head up against the partition of my upper berth and the angle of incident being equal to the angle of infection, or whatever it is I've heard Hardin J. quote from a textbook on physics, I caromed off toward Jones, so to speak, and landed all bunched up in the middle of the aisle. Ony any other road I would have taken time to get my slippers and trousers before beating it to the vestibule to see what had happened—not intimating, of course, that I didn't know. But on the In & Out, like as not, there would be no one who knew enough about railroading to get back with a red light and flag whatever might be coming up behind us.

Mr. Shirley had been jolted out of his berth, but seemed to be all right. I called to Miss Buraleen, who had a lower only a few feet away from me. She answered and assured me she was uninjured. Immediately I started for the vestibule in my red pajamas and bare feet, thinking, as I went, what a real mark I would be for Jerry, the bull pup, if he were present.

The porter was in the vestibule ahead of me and was having a hard time opening the door. I tried the trap on the other side and got it far enough to permit my squeezing thru. When I looked up ahead it seemed as if the landscape was crowded with cars. I started for the engine, but had gone only a step or two until I realized that I needed my shoes. I turned back for them, but the vestibule trap had slipped down and I couldn't push it up. I went toward the head end like a barefooted kid in a patch of sandburrs.

By the time I had traveled four car lengths and kicked every cinder on the right of way, a red glow was showing up at the head end and I could hear a lot of screaming and crying in the first Pullman which was over on its side with the head end resting on the top of what once was the baggage and mail cars. To add to the confusion the hogs which had been spilled from three or four stock cars, were making the night hideous with squealing.

All wrecks are pretty much alike and I never met up with a railroad man who was more than half conscious of what he did in the face of one. I remember climbing onto the overturned Pullman and breaking in a window with my elbow. I lowered myself into what proved to be the hall running alongside the smoking compartment. With the car on its side, one had to crawl along in this hallway. I found the emergency tool kit, broke the glass and got the saw and heavy hammer and then started back toward the berths from which came as unpleasant evidence of agony as ever I care to hear again.

It was a mess, with bedding in the aisle, baggage everywhere and passengers injured and frightened and confused in the darkness. There was nothing a fellow could do to re-establish order. It was a case of just feeling around in the dark and helping such passengers as one happened to get hold of. My first catch, as you might say, was a woman wild with hysteria and anxiety for two children. I climbed up on the end of the nearest seat and punched out the glass in the window above me. I climbed up on the shelf made by the arms of the seat which, when the car was righted, would be directly across the aisle, but now was directly above me, and made sure there were no jagged pieces of glass left in the frame of the window. Then I began to pass up and thru the window such passengers as I could get my hands on. The woman went first under protest; then one of the children. I couldn't find the other one and couldn't waste a lot of valuable time hunting for it. It seemed to me I had been digging around in the bedding, falling over suitcases and bumping my bald head on berth partitions for about seven years when some one, in the other end of the car, let a little sunshine in by using an electric flashlight.

That helped and no more than a year after that some one broke a window above the middle of the car and let thru a lantern. With help on the outside and with the flash on the inside and with the aid of a couple of young bucks who were going to join the Navy and didn't care what happened, because they were traveling at Uncle Sam's expense, we made some headway but it was hot work; it was decidedly hot work and it kept getting hotter until the folks on the outside began to insist that those of us on the inside who valued our lives get out! Just as if that wasn't what we were trying to do!

The two young bucks, having a lot of life ahead of them, were the first ones to climb out of the bake oven which now was filled with smoke. One of the young fellows, when I ordered them out, told me to go to h—l because he could stay in that car as long as the next fellow. I did something very rude then, because I don't like to be cussed. I hit the upstart on the jaw so hard that I knocked myself off balance, fell into a berth and broke off one of those hat hooks with my head. I climbed over into the next berth and picked up the young fellow and literally passed him up to the waiting hands at the window above. Then it was up to me and the fellow with the flashlight to decide which should climb out next. I hadn't had a good look at the fellow but, even in the dark, I knew he was a real person.

"Give me the flash," I ordered, "and climb out."

"I hear some one groaning back there," he replied.

I grabbed the flash from him and turned it on him. He was an old man, with white hair and lots of it and his face had an expression on it that looked like Christ, not trying to leave the impression that I'm authority on such things, but when a fellow is all "het up" with heat and excitement he isn't normal and he'll think of a lot of things he don't think of generally.

"You get out of here," I yelled at him. "Don't you see the car's on fire? You'll get your hair singed in a minute."

He smiled at that and just asked:

"How about you?"

"I'm bald-headed and no hair to singe. Come on, up you go!"

I couldn't waste time arguing with him and I didn't want to hit him; he was too old. He was standing directly below a window and there were several men ready to help him up whenever he decided to go. There was a lantern held above him. If he wanted to stay that was his business. I took the flash and started climbing back over the berths to where I heard some one groaning. Fire was eating into the head end of the car and the heat was all but intolerable. The smoke was choking me and I thought I never would get the bedding and suitcases moved so that I could get down to the author of that groaning.

At last the flashlight disclosed a pair of feet. I needed but one guess as to who was jammed in the berth. Those feet belonged to the porter. Like as not he had lost a two-bit tip and was under there looking for it. Well, I did my little best for the porter, but for a time it looked as if I'd have to saw off his head to save his life. It was jammed between the bottom cushions of two seats and I couldn't push back either cushion. It was a case of digging out all the debris on one side of the berth until I could lift out one cushion and by that time my red pajamas felt like hot tin and smelled like scorched cotton waste, altho I paid twelve dollars for them and they were guaranteed to be heavy wash silk.

When the porter wiggled free and I helped him to get his feet under him, he came up with a bundle in his arms, and when the flashlight fell on it, it blinked and turned away its head without missing a pull at its milk bottle.

PORTERS, as a rule, are slow. On the In & Out they are slower than they are as a rule. I thought that hunk of ebony never would negotiate the distance from where I found him to the window where the gang was waiting to help him out to the air. I couldn't be as much help to him as I might because my pajama coat took fire and I sucked in a trainline full of gas, smoke and

Discounting the Count

ACOUNT used to be a man in charge of a count of 500 persons to whom he was a sort of overlord This is not true today because of altered political conditions. We still have Counts, but the Count business has changed somewhat

Business, of all kinds, has undergone something of a revolution It was not so many years ago that pack peddlers were the sole distributors and transporters of many of the household articles of the day Their legs set the limits for most distribution problems in those days

Modern transportation, progressive sales methods—*and advertising*—have broken the shackles of time. They make a speedy job of what used to take years. Through advertising many an article has been introduced simultaneously in stores all over the country

Advertising today is the method used by business to tell you why you should have certain goods and how to identify those goods. The advertisements you find here are a truthful *catalog* of needed merchandise

Articles of all kinds and for all purposes are presented in a pleasant way through the medium of type and picture. The outstanding requirements of every member of the family are met by offers of good merchandise of proved value

Use the advertisements for guidance and you will be a constant gainer.

flame that made me sick and dizzy, and when I came out of it I was reclining on the bank at the side of the right-of-way, wrapped in a wet blanket, with my bald head and rather blistered head in Miss Buraleen's lap, and that old fossil with the white hair, who should have been in the soldiers' home ten years before, was bending over me, with a smile on his face made the more attractive by the yellow glare from the flames some fifty yards away.

"Are you all right?" he asked, in a very low and soothing voice.

"All but my twelve-dollar pajamas," I replied.

"I was afraid you would remain in there too long, and you did. If it hadn't been for this young lady's forethought we would have failed to get you out."

I looked up into the face of the aforementioned "this young lady" and shuddered. I would have given as much as six-bits right then and there, broke as I was, to have known just how much of my pajamas, besides the jacket, had burned off.

"How do you feel, Mr. Reilly?" Miss Buraleen asked.

"D—n foolish!" I replied before I thought how it would sound in the presence of a lady.

Of course I couldn't put in the rest of my life reclining there on the In & Out's right-of-way, with my head in Miss Buraleen lap. I pulled myself together, and outside of being pretty much blistered as to interior and exterior, nothing semed radically wrong with me except my pajamas. To add to my trouble, in the confusion some one helped themselves to my clothes. Shirley's clothes wouldn't begin to fit me, so he made a deal with our porter for a pair of trousers and a shirt. After the old man with the white hair and I had exchanged our real names, his being David Barstow, I passed it up to Shirley to get us passage on some other train, automobile, donkey, go-cart or boat for the city.

Arter leading such a quiet life, to have dropped in on Billy Barber's Wild West show was too much. The shock gave me congestion of the lungs or something quite expensive, judging from the size of the doctors' bills. My flue linings seemed to have rusted and most of the paint on my outsides blistered and came off and poor Kate had to have me and all that mixture of wreck and moving pictures in the house for ten days before I could get out of bed and over to the easy chair, keeping my feet up on the smoking table to keep Jerry away from my toes.

The first day I sat up Kate spent the morning with me.

"How's Mac?" I asked, knowing his advance that he was all broken up because we failed to get that stock certificate to him on time.

"His most serious trouble is keeping away from this room," Kate replied. "He wants to see you?"

"How's Hardin J.?"

"He has been wild for the last day or two. He was afraid he would have to leave before you were able to have visitors, and he wants to see you."

"Have you heard anything from Billy Barber?"

"Oh, Jackson," Kate exclaimed, throwing up her hands. "I've heard nothing else but Billy Barber! He wants to see you."

"Kate," I exclaimed in dismay, "ain't I the popular person?"

Kate laughed. It was that laugh which is good medicine. I couldn't understand it, but the laugh convinced me that the world was spinning along, even if Mr. Atlas had stubbed his toe and been off the job for almost two weeks.

This serial story of the "Double-headed Conspiracy" will be concluded in part 12, which will appear in the Ledger next week. Those who have enjoyed the many laughs and complications so far delineated by the clever author will surely want to see how "everything turns out." Happily for all concerned, we hope, but we shall see. Other and very strong serials are in preparation for Ledger readers.

* * *

Willing to Divide.

TEACHER (sternly)—Willie, give that chewing gum to me.

Willie—I'll let you have half of it.

INVENTS NEW WAY TO COOK

Makes Summer Stove of Any Range or Cook Stove—Burns 94% Air.

A wonderful new burner which works in any stove and beats city gas, coal or wood for cooking and baking, is the proud achievement of the International Heating Co., Dept. 898, 4552 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. This amazingly simple and inexpensive invention makes the hottest kind of a fire controlled by a simple valve. It is perfectly safe and can be installed in twenty minutes. It does away with all dirt, smoke and kitchen drudgery, and is ideal for summer cooking. The manufacturers offer to send this remarkable invention on thirty days trial to any reader of this paper. They make a special offer to one user in each locality to whom they can refer new customers. They also want agents. Write them today.—Adv.

Victoria Grey's Talks to Women

(Continued From Page 10.)

"Could never live here, says Prince." This was followed by a rather long interview.

Those of us whom he had befriended in India attended many functions given for the Prince. Upon the farewell occasion, the orchestra broke into The Star Spangled Banner. The Prince turned to us and said, "That, friends, stands for the most wonderful country in the world." And his eyes glistened with enthusiasm.

"But my dear Prince," exclaimed a dawager, "the papers had it that you detest America; that you cannot stand it."

"You are right in saying I cannot stand America. As for detesting it—madame——" sorrowfully replied Maharane. "I love it more than even my own India. It is so entrancing; so exuberant; so spontaneous that, while I had duties to perform I could never make my home here. I should never get to my tasks or I could not shut myself in from it for even so much as an hour. You Americans are used to it. For me, it is too inviting to work in, but my playtimes shall always be spent here."

This, in fact, had been the gist of the interviews, but our dowager had not taken the trouble of reading the article, and thus judged by the captions at the head of it. She got a false impression and misquoted Maharane.

It is not always easy to keep from jumping to these false conclusions and consequently misquoting people. One must be on continual guard to be fair to others.

But once in a while one is deliberately misquoted for the sake of maliciousness. Let me tell my own case. Mrs. R. asked me what I thought of Miss G.

"I think she's delightful," said I. "She seems so like a soft, cozy, gentle little kitten. She has a degree of charm that few people possess."

And how was I repeated the next day? It was said that I had called Miss G. a cat and a softy!

Ever since then I have followed one rule; it is not to believe any one said or did a thing unless I myself have heard them say it or seen them do it. For they may have said a different thing altogether! And they may have done what they were said to have done—in a spirit of fun!

HAVE YOU A PROBLEM?

Editor's Note: If you have a problem, write it out and send it in to Victoria Grey, care of the Ledger. It will be answered in her new department. Names will not be published.

* * *

Just to Please Mary.

THE policeman wore a preoccupied air. He shifted uneasily in the chair the night watchman had thoughtfully set out for him. From an inner pocket he extracted a sheet of paper and studied it.

"Are you thinking of taking an examination, Tim?" asked the night watchman. "Now that you are to have a home of your own, perhaps you have your eyes on a sergeant's job, which will, no doubt, be only a stepping stone. Soon you'll be the chief, and then I'll never see you, except when you sail by in your big automobile, in a cloud of dust."

"This is no laughing matter," said the policeman. "If it was taking an examination it would be easy. Man, have you gorgot I'm to be married tomorrow? I've got to know how to pass up the middle aisle of the church and not stub my toe and disgrace the bunch. Also I must not forget the ring. Then I must not lose my head and seize the hand of Tillie Smith, the bridesmaid, when the time comes."

"Never fear," said the night watchman. "If you try that, I'll be there to forbid the marriage."

"The things they have been telling me not to do," said the policeman resentfully, "would fill a book, and I'd have never thought of them anyway. Now I'm beginning to fear I'll make some awful fool of myself. It's like learning to drive a car or ride a bike—you'll make a bee line for the very thing you are trying to avoid. 'Tis human nature, I suppose."

"I put on my new togs today," said the night watchman. "The coat is a bit tight and so are the shoes, while the white bow tie is ambitious to whisper in me ear. Otherwise I look all right."

"That reminds me of another thing," said the policeman. "My suit is not finished yet. I've had five fittings and the tailor says he'll finish it tonight."

Officer O'Gare prepared to depart. "And he'd better keep his word," he growled. "I had to shake my fist under his nose this afternoon. I told him I was in no mood to be trifled with. As I told you before, I never knew it was so much trouble to be married. If it wasn't to please Mary Duffy I'd never go thru with it."

"You'll go thru with more than that to please her later on, Tim," said the night watchman, "if you are the right kind of a man, and I think you are."

Only one-fifth of the buildings owned by the Bell System are shown in this picture.

A Telephone City

Above is an imaginary city, made by grouping together *one-fifth* of the buildings owned by the Bell System, and used in telephone service. Picture to yourself a city *five times* as great and you will have an idea of the amount of real estate owned by the Bell System throughout the country.

If all these buildings were grouped together, they would make a business community with 400 more buildings than the total number of office buildings in New York City, as classified by the Department of Taxes and Assessments.

Next to its investment in modern telephone equipment, the largest investment of the Bell System is in its 1,600 modern buildings, with a value of $144,000,000. Ranging in size from twenty-seven stories down to one-story, they are used principally as executive offices, central offices, storehouses and garages. The modern construction of most of the buildings is indicated by the fact that the investment in buildings is now over three times what it was ten years ago.

Every building owned by the Bell System must be so constructed and so situated as to serve with efficiency the telephone public in each locality, and to be a sound investment for future requirements.

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Genuine Oak Woodwork, beautifully finished; **Iron Stand**, enameled glossy black; **Head folds** inside, leaving flat table top; **Automatic Bobbin Winder; Self Threading Cylinder Shuttle; Adjustable Stitch**. All up-to-date improvements. All tools and accessories free. **Write today.**

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30 x 3 1-2	10.65	34 x 4	18.60	35 x 4 1-2	24.40
32 x 3 1-2	13.95	32 x 4 1-2	21.45	33 x 5	26.20
31 x 4	14.10	33 x 4 1-2	22.00	36 x 5	26.90
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15	8	25	15	21
8	5	14	18	25

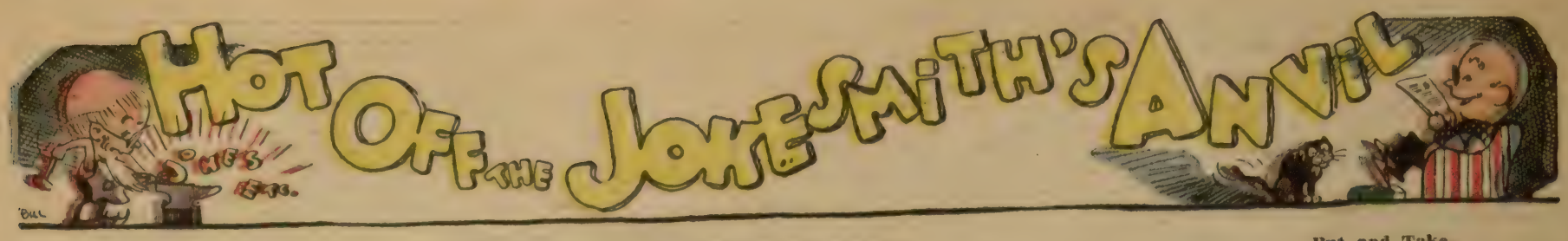
Solve This Puzzle and Win 10,000 Votes

The figures represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B, 3 is C, and so on. The ten figures spell three words. Send the three words with your name and address quick. I have given away many Autos, Cash Rewards and other Prizes to contestants in former Contests. Full particulars of my simple plan will be sent when your solution is received.

Thousands of Dollars in Other Grand Prizes and Cash Rewards

Besides the Auto I am going to give Phonographs, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Silverware, Dinner Sets, etc., and Cash Rewards to contestants in my contest for subscriptions. Prizes duplicated in case of tie. Get your share of these EASY TO WIN prizes. No experience required, and no contestant is asked to pay one cent of their expenses. Don't let anyone get ahead of you, for the quicker you act the bigger your winnings if you follow my plan. Just send your answer in the puzzle with your name and address.

DUANE W. GAYLORD. 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 15. CHICAGO, ILL.



The Noes Have It.

His addresses having been declined by a young lady, he paid court to her sister.

"How much you resemble your sister," said he, the evening of his first call. "You have the same hair, the same forehead, and the same eyes——"

"And the same noes," added the girl quickly.

SAD, BUT FUNNY

A TRAVELING salesman died very suddenly in Pittsburgh. His relatives telegraphed the undertaker to the deceased wreath; the ribbon was to bear the inscription, "Rest in Peace" on both sides, and if there is room, "We Shall Meet in Heaven."

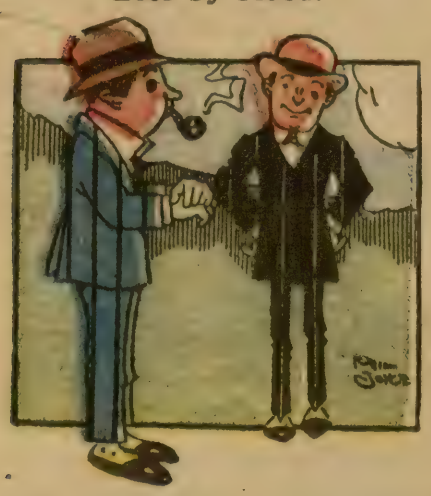
The undertaker was out of town, and his new assistant handled the job. It was a startling piece which turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was wide and bore the inscription: "Rest in peace on both sides, and if there is room we shall meet in heaven."

Hollow Society.

"Oh, papa," said Matilda Moneybags, "How can you say that society is hollow?"

"Well, my child," said old Moneybags, who preferred hard cash to blue blood, "if you had to pay the bills for feeding the crowd you invite to your parties, you would say so, too."

Loss by Flood.



"Then my wife burst into a flood of tears."

"What followed?"

"I was swept completely off my feet, and, when I recovered myself, my pocketbook was gone."

Good Business.

Post—Do you always advise your neurasthenic patients to have a constant companion?

Alienist—Always. The companion immediately becomes another neurasthenic patient.

In Long Enough.

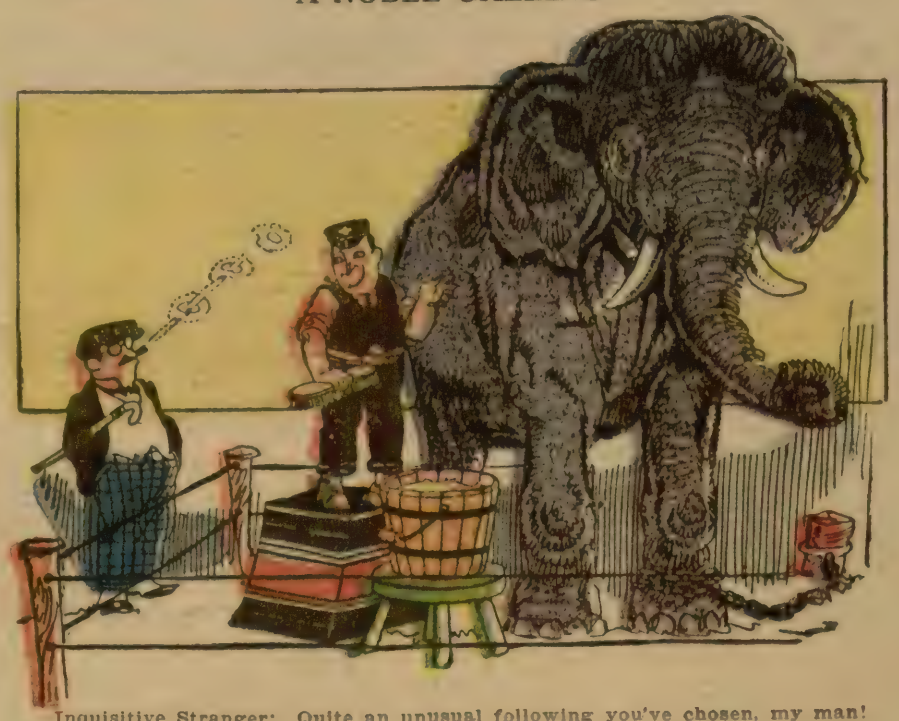
"Good news from the movie world."

"Huh?"

"The Prisoner of Zenda will soon be released."

SOLID IVORY

A NOBLE CALLING



Inquisitive Stranger: Quite an unusual following you've chosen, my man!
"Yep, y'see I promised me mudder to do something clean an' big'"

A Good Test.

Maud—I don't know whether Charley really loves me or not.

Her Brother—What did you give him for a birthday present the other day?

Maud—A box of cigars.

Her Brother—Did he smoke them?

Maud—Yes.

Her Brother—Then you may be sure he loves you.

Spoiled Her Evening.

"Maud says she didn't have a good time at the reception at all."

"What was the trouble?"

"She'd heard a choice bit of gossip about a girl who was there and the girl kept within hearing all the time, so that Maud didn't have a chance to tell it."

Asking Too Much.

"She tired of her 'cave man'?"

"Yes. Women are queer."

"How so?"

"They'll marry a 'cave man' and then expect him to know how to use his knife and fork."

Modernized.

First Writer—I want a newer expression for "between the devil and the deep sea."

Second Ditto—Oh, just say: "Between an empty furnace and an unpaid coal bill."

Shorter and Uglier.

"Ferdy, listen to me and I'll tell you the plain truth."

"I'm all ears, Peggy."

"That's just what I was going to say, only I was going to put it differently."

Too Hard.

Mr. Meanley—I see they are wearing gowns longer this year.

Mrs. Meanley (fiercely)—Well, if they wear them any longer than I do they will have to make 'em out of sheet iron.

Where Father Beat Him.

Father—I never smoked when I was your age. Will you be able to say that to your son when you grow up?

Willie—Not with such a straight face as you do, father. You beat me there.

Completing Her Collection.

Helen—People say it is awfully good of her to marry him. He has an artificial arm and an artificial leg.

Marie (sweetly)—Yes, about the only artificialities she hasn't got herself.

THE TYRO.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,"
As proof, pray take the case
Of some sweet maid when first she learns
To decorate her face.

A Double Objective.

Nellie—Why do you pray so loud for the things you want? God isn't deaf!

Willie—I know, but grandpa is....

No Decent Descent.

A man had just made a successful descent in a parachute and the crowd of spectators that had gathered were asking questions.

"Say, what if the parachute didn't open?" one inquired.

"Oh, that wouldn't bother me. I'd just come on down anyhow," was the reply.

Volstead Hospitality.

"Well, here's how."

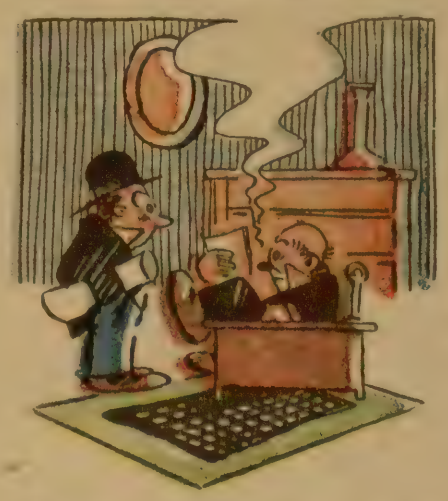
"Drink hearty."

"Now it's your turn. Take the bottle."

"I'll wait thirty minutes and watch results."

"Hey, call a doctor!"

A Helluva Book.



Publisher—No, it won't do. No one can write a successful book of travel unless he's seen the places he describes.

Author—Dante made a pretty fair job of it with his "Inferno."

FORCE AND DIRECTION.

When springtime "pep" is in the air
And skies are all aglow,
We hear the slogan everywhere,
"Let's go!"

Impetuous paces badly fare,
So, as we start anew,
'Tis proper to inquire with care,
"Where to?"

The Witch!

Conductor—Pardon me, madam, but your girl seems more than 12.

Her Mother—Conductor! Would you take me to be the mother of a girl that age?

Conductor—Lady, don't tell me you're her grandmother!

Condition That Is Acquired.

Wyseman—Don't you know that there's a fool born every minute?

Maggs—And that's not the worst. There's a lot become fools later on who were not so when they were born.

Put and Take.

An old man was walking along a road one night, when he was confronted by a burly stranger.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We're going to 'ave a game of put and take, mate," replied the stranger.

"Put and take!" gasped the old man, shivering with fright.

"Yus," said the burly one. "You put yer 'ands up and I'll take yer watch."

Interesting.

"My husband received a note today in a woman's handwriting."

"Did you open it?"

"I did not. And what is more, I left him by himself to read it at his leisure."

"Don't you worry about it?"

"No, but I think he does. You see, it was from my dressmaker."

An Illusion of Greatness.

"This is the psycopathic ward."

"What's the matter with that patient who is strutting around as if he owned the place?"

"He has the superiority complex."

"Eh?"

"He thinks he's 'Babe' Ruth."

Always Under Suspicion.

"I often wonder why Jenks is not more popular, for he's the politest man I know."

"That's just the trouble. He's so confoundedly polite he gives the impression that he wants to borrow money."

Nothing Doing.

"What, you refuse to loan me $20—me your intimate friend, whom you once called your alter ego?"

"Ah, my dear boy, I know myself too well—you would never return the money."

TRUE BENEVOLENCE

IT was growing dark, and the small boy, groping along the pavement, was weeping bitterly. A man came along.

"Dear, dear, what is all this about? What's the trouble, my boy?" he asked kindly.

"I've lost me penny," wailed the boy.

The man felt in his pocket. "Well, don't cry," he said. "If you don't find it before dark, here's a match."

Cautious.

She—John, your manners are awful! I noticed you dusted the chair at Mrs. Brown's before you sat down. And their little boy was watching you, too.

He—Yes; and I was watching him. I am too old a fish to be caught on a bent pin!

THE STENOG'S VACATION.

(Sung by her boss.)
My tYpust is oi hor vacution,
My trpist's awau for a week,
My tryudt us in hwr vacrion,
Wgile thse damu kews pisy hudge and seek.

Practical.

Molly (aged 6)—Mummy, I know what I'm going to give you for your birthday. A nice rosebowl.

Mother—But I have one, dear.

Molly—Yes, I know, but—I've just broken it.

Interested.

Mr. Scrawley—What did you think of my latest poem?

Miss Sweete—What was it about?

Mr. Scrawley—Didn't you read it?

Miss Sweete—I did. That was what aroused my curiosity.

Defined.

Mr. Cheerio—Why worry over what you owe? Cheer up. Be an optimist.

Mr. Bloobody.—My good fellow, an optimist is a man who hasn't enough credit to borrow trouble.

George and the Dragon.

She—Shall we go housekeeping when we are married, George dear?

He—Yes, in an apartment.

She—Oh, won't that be romantic! And you can protect me from the janitor.

Destination of the Output.

North—The Government Printing Office is to be enlarged.

West—Then waste baskets will have to be.

The Cedar-knobbers

(Continued From Page 4)

from a good-looking young man from another world than her own was quite a different thing. But she saw now that she could not correct her false position without seeming to be bidding for the attention of young Holloway.

But she decided she would have to turn young Holloway back at any price in rudeness. Rose knew her father and brothers well enough to know that no matter how innocent his visit might be, their suspicions would at once be aroused and they might make things exceedingly unpleasant for him. The poor girl swallowed a lump that was rising in her throat and said with what rudeness of voice she could:

"Look here, stranger, don't you know it's against the customs of this country for a young man to be walking with a married woman on Sunday morning? Wrong or right, it's contrary to the customs of the hills. My husband will shoot you from ambush for doing it, and not a jury in Kearney County would ever convict him for it."

"Nevertheless," replied the young lawyer suavely, "I choose to walk with you, and if you see fit to permit me to do so, I shall go on in spite of ambuscades and the customs of the Ozarks."

The girl felt a second and deeper pang as she replied:

"But, sir, I do not choose to let you walk with me. You forced yourself upon me uninvited, and little as I desire to be rude to you, I must tell you that I would rather have your room than your company."

"Very well, Mrs. Peters," said Mart Holloway with a deep bow and in a tone that showed how deeply he was hurt and insulted. He turned and vanished thru the cedars in the direction that they had come.

Rose Peters walked on for a quarter of a mile after the young man had turned back. Then she sat down on a log beside the trail and buried her face in her hands and sobbed and wept. It was hard, indeed, to be cut off from the world she loved, the world she had a right to live in as a lady, by the past misdeeds of her father and brothers. She knew only too well what their attitude would be toward this young man or any other young man with any social position who might visit her. Mart Holloway would have to become a partisan of theirs, a thing she feared no honorable man could do, or else face their fear and hatred.

And all the while Rose was tortured with a second thought, the thought that after all this suave young man with the high-flown speech might be after the reward offered for her father; and at that thought each time her own anger rose to white heat.

Years before the Peters family had buried itself there in the Ozark hills in the hope of eluding the search instituted by an Indiana sheriff. But in these days, when everybody moved about, and hundreds of people were coming from the East and passing thru or settling in the Ozarks, it was beginning to look as tho the Peterses could not elude the law much longer. And meanwhile Rose was buried, away from schools and churches and books and music, away from the society of her kind. Rose had thought more than once of leaving her people and going back to Indiana to try to maintain herself by teaching school—in fact, her father and brothers had begged her to adopt that course—but the girl knew only too well what that horde of wild men would degenerate into without her restraining presence.

But on this beautiful May morning it seemed hard indeed to the high-spirited girl that she should be cut off from the privileges that were rightfully hers. Rose sobbed bitterly as she thought of the gallant stranger and of what she might be if things were otherwise

CHAPTER II.

AN ENEMY IN AMBUSH.

AS FOR Mart Holloway, he walked back to Kearneyville, reflecting that the world was and always had been sadly out of joint. It was a sorry world where, if a young man strolled forth of a Sunday morning to admire the beauty of the hills, he was sure to meet and fall in love with a bautiful woman already married to a beast who probably beat her regularly—a beast the killing of whom, while a pleasure in itself, would completely estrange the object of his affection and plunge him, the young man, into an early grave from heartbreak.

Thus mused Mart till dinner time at the hotel where he boarded. The hired girl at the hotel, one Mabel Wharton, who adored him openly, noticed that he ate almost nothing at dinner, and rightly surmised that he was in love, but wrongly guessed that her own buxom self was the object of this passion. But Mabel's solicitude for Mart and her persistent "Mr. Mart, won't you take some of this currant jam?" or "Mr. Holloway, try some of this chicken breast," at length touched the young man's bruised heart so keenly that he decided at length to make a confidante of this honest girl and tell her about his morning's escapade.

"Mabel," he said to her in an undertone, "I want to talk with you a little while in the parlor after dinner."

And Mabel, all in a flutter from that moment, spilled a plate of soup in Judge Sloan's lap and ran into Mrs. Ware, the landlady, in the kitchen door, capsizing a tray of egg custards all over the landlady's green silk Sunday waist. Mrs. Ware "bawled her out," as we say nowadays, but when, five minutes later, the weeping girl told her mistress the cause of her excitement, so generous was Mrs. Ware by nature, and so much the matchmaker by instinct, that she patted Mabel on the cheek and told her she needn't wash up the dinner dishes, but to run on at once and tidy herself up so as not to keep Mart waiting.

In the office of the hotel a discussion was started just after dinner that Mart found interesting. A copy of the Springfield Intelligencer, which had come on the mail hack the day before, contained an article entitled:

Forty Murders or Manslaughters in Kearney County in the Last Ten Years and Not One Single Conviction by a Jury.

People of Nubbin Ridge and Other Localities Around Kearneyville Boast That Law Extends Only to the Bluffs and That on the Cedar Ridges Might Is Right.

The article, which was written by a citizen of Kearney County, gave in detail the various crimes that had been committed from time to time and recited the failure of juries to convict in the plainest cases. It even went so far as to accuse the sheriff of the county of being in league with the lawless elements and showed the juries had been "packed" in favor of the defendants time and time again.

"Those are sad facts," growled Judge

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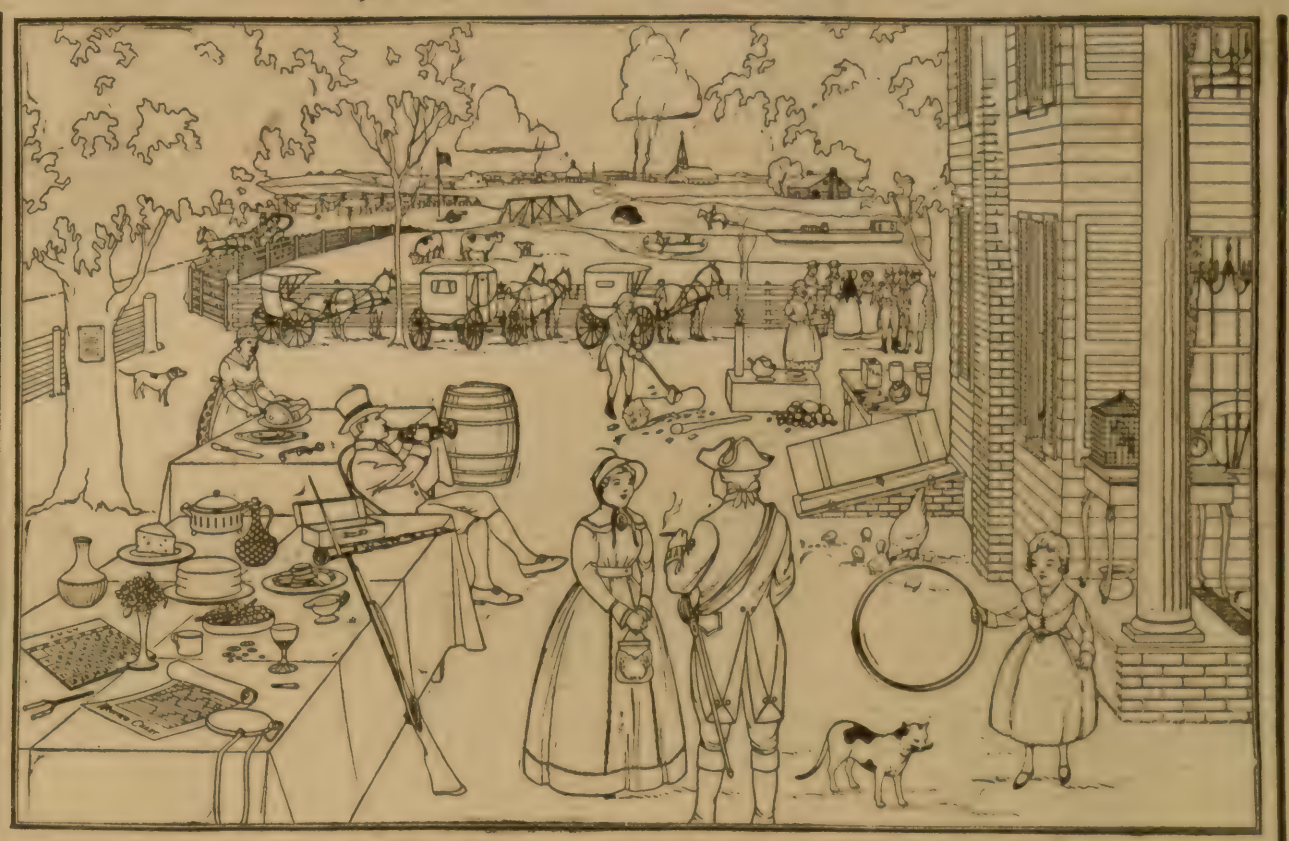

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See How Many Objects You Can Find which begin with the letter "C" in the picture. Remember, this is not a trick puzzle, guessing contest or a lottery. Each article is plainly visible and your winning will depend entirely upon your skill in locating these articles and naming them properly. Enlarged copy of picture mailed on request.

Miss Alice Biddle, Mason, Wis., won $750 in one of our other picture puzzles. Clara Slater, Boone, Iowa, won $500. Mrs. J. E. Tilgner, Lewellen, Nebraska, won $350. Mrs. Chester R. Nelson, Hopkins, Minnesota, won $120. You too can win a big cash prize. This is not a guessing contest. Just a plain test of skill. Will you win the $1000 this time?

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6th	5.00	6th	30.00	6th	50.00
7th	4.00	7th	20.00	7th	40.00
8th	3.00	8th	15.00	8th	35.00
9th	2.00	9th	10.00	9th	30.00
10th	2.00	10th	5.00	10th	25.00
11th	2.00	11th	5.00	11th	20.00
12th	1.50	12th	5.00	12th	15.00
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FOLLOW THESE RULES

No. 1. Any person living in the United States, who is not an employee of People's Popular Monthly, or related to an employee may submit a list of "C" words. It costs nothing to try. No answers accepted from residents of Des Moines.

No. 2. All answers must be mailed and postmarked on or before midnight Aug. 10,1922.

No. 3. Write only on one side of the paper, number each word consecutively 1, 2, 3, and so on. Write your name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. Write subscribers' names on a separate sheet of paper.

No. 4. Only English words found in Webster's International Dictionary will be counted. Do not use compound or obsolete or foreign words. Use either the singular or the plural, but when the singular is used the plural cannot be used. Each incorrect word counts off one point but there is no master list prepared in advance.

No. 5. Synonyms and words of the same spelling can be used only once. Only one name for an object can be used. However, any part of the object may be named.

No. 6. The answer having the nearest correct list of objects plainly visible in the picture and that begin with the letter "C" will be awarded first prize, second best second prize, and so on. In the event of a tie for any prize, the full amount of such prize will be paid to each person tying.

No. 7. Three prominent business men who have no connection with People's Popular Monthly have been selected as judges and the participants agree to accept their decision as final and conclusive.

No. 8. The judges will meet just as soon as possible after the closing date and the names and addresses of the winners and the correct list of words will be published in People's Popular Monthly just as quickly thereafter as possible.

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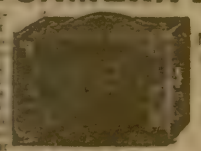

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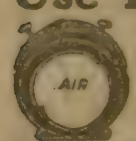

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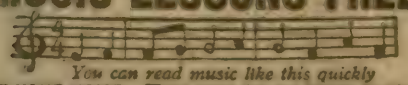

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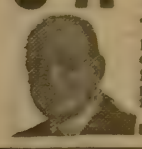

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Sloan. He was still a bit ruffled over the hot soup he had received on the legs "The best prosecuting attorney in the world couldn't secure a conviction in my court. The juries are always fixed in advance. Lawlessness has increased in this county till a man takes his life in his own hands when he ventures across Nubbin ridge or travels the Wilderness trail. Another thing, the crowd that has been in office here in Kearneyville for the last ten years has pilfered the county cash box regularly and nothing said. I think we need a citizens' committee to look into all these matters. The conduct of our present incumbent in the sheriff's office ought to be investigated."

"I tell you what we need," put in one Captain Gregory, reputed Indian fighter and gold miner from the Black Hills. "We need a vigilance committee like they used to have in the West when I was there. I could organize such a committee and have the wild and woolly citizens of the cedar ridges as tame as lambs in no time. There are just three remedies for the ills that a country like this is heir to—an order to move on, a blacksnake whip, and a good strong rope—but the greatest of these is the good strong rope."

"You are wrong in your proposition, Captain Gregory," said Mart. "You propose to fight lawlessness with lawlessness, in other words to fight the Devil with fire. What we need is for the best citizens of the county to see that good men are put in office and then see to it that these good men have the proper assistance in enforcing the laws."

"That will do very well in the blue grass of Kentucky," retorted Gregory. "It won't work in the Ozarks nor in any other rough and newly settled country. Take it from me; I have been among rough men and I know what it takes to rule them."

"Mart is right," said Judge Sloan. "I think you misapprehend me, Captain Gregory, when I speak of a citizens' committee. I meant, of course, a properly and legally constituted committee. What we need here is more law enforcement, not more lawlessness."

At this moment Mabel appeared with beaming, blushing face in the door that led to the sitting-room, and Mart quit the discussion and went and joined her there. Mart had a deep-seated and instinctive dislike for this man Gregory, who so boldly advocated mob violence but somehow he could not help but feel that a vigilance committee might really be a good thing in a country like this, where lawlessness was the order of the day.

But the young lawyer's mind was now occupied with other matters. He sat down on the bumpy horsehair sofa with the happy Mabel and began stammeringly to try to tell her of his awkward encounter of the morning. He soon found that he was speaking into ears that were distinctly unsympathetic.

"An' so Rose Peters tole you she was married?" cried Mabel in holy horror. "W'y she ain't no nearer married than I am, maybe not half ez near," with an arch smile at Holloway. "She jes' nachully lied to you; that's all."

Mart was on his feet in a jiffy. He was so excited, so elated, that he could not sit still. He was in such a sublimated mood that Mabel's rudeness in calling the lady of his dreams a liar entirely escaped him. The big, outstanding fact to him was that she was not married; nothing else mattered enough for him to hear it.

"So she isn't married at all?" he cried.

"Hain't even got a regular," said Mabel with fine scorn.

"Mabel," cried Mart apropos of nothing, "say, you're a trump, Mabel. And you're well acquainted with Rose Peters, aren't you."

"Ye-yes," admitted Mabel grudgingly, "know 'er purty well— She ain't edzactly my sort."

"Well, anyway, you know her," cried Mart. "Let's you and me drive out to her house this afternoon. t would be a fine drive for us. The hills are—well, I have never seen them more glorious."

"But, Mr. Mart, I don't know whether I'd ort to drive like this with you or not when we're not—not even—not——"

"Oh, nonsense," cried Mart; "it's all right for you to drive with me."

Mabel was by no means fooled at the inspiration of Mart's enthusiasm; but still the prospect of a drive thru the hills with the idol of her fancy and the thought that possession is nine points, as the lawyers say, decided her.

"I'll go," she said.

"God bless your sweet little soul!" cried Mart, and thereupon, in the excess of his happiness, grabbed the hired girl in his arms and kissed her as he would have kissed a pretty child who had pleased him greatly.

The girl, still blushing to her fingertips, rushed up to her little attic bedroom to get ready for the drive, and Mart hurried round to the livery stable to order a team.

Mart arrived at the stable humming "The Girl I Left Behind Me" in a lively manner.

"Hello, Bill Stockstill," he shouted. "Oh, that girl, that girl, that pretty little girl, the girl I left behind me. She looks so neat and is so sweet, the girl I left behind me—Bill, I want the best team of high-steppers you've got in the barn. Hitch 'em up to the best buggy you've got and bring 'em round to the hotel while I step over to the postoffice, please, sir, ... Oh, that girl, that girl, that pretty little girl," and so forth.

At the postoffice Mart received a letter that gave him a shock. The letter read as follows:

Mart Holloway, Esq.,
Kearneyville, Mo.:

Dear Sir—I am writing to notify you of the offer of $1,000.00 for the person of Elisha Peters, dead or alive, and of $500.00 for the person of Harvey Peters, the eldest son of Elisha, dead or alive. I inclose a handbill with full description of the two men, which I will ask you to post in some conspicuous place. Perhaps the Peterses are not now in your part of the country, but should they pass thru, the posting of this handbill will help the cause of justice by causing them to be arrested. Your obd't serv't,

HENRY H. WITHERSPOON,

Sheriff, Sangamon Co., Indiana.

Here, then, was the reason poor, sweet Rose Peters had been afraid for him to walk home with her and why she had posed as a married woman. Elisha Peters was her father, as Mabel had explained, and Harvey Peters her eldest brother.

"Well," said the gallant Mart to himself, "much as I should like to see her again, I shall not go near her till I understand this matter more fully."

When he and Mabel reached the courthouse square, instead of turning his prancing bays toward the left in the direction of Goose Creek and Nubbin Ridge, he turned them to the right and took the Sparta road.

"This is not the way to Rose Peters' house," laughed the girl merrily after a half mile of swift driving.

"We're not going to the Peterses," said Mart gravely. "We'll drive in the other direction this afternoon."

Mabel gave the young lawyer a ravishing look and nestled up more closely to him in the narrow-seated buggy. The girl was divinely happy in the belief that her beauty had caused Mart Holloday to forget all about Rose Peters. This was her afternoon, and she was enjoying it to the fullest. What matter if her gallant was a little preoccupied and answered her constant chatter mostly in monosyllables? Perhaps that was the way of a man in love. What matter tho he talked and talked of Rose Peters and asked a hundred questions about her and her people, that was a natural curiosity. Nations might rise or fall, Mabel was divinely happy.

As for Mart, he was thinking constantly of Rose Peters, of her winsome, lovely face and the shade of pensiveness that passed over it from time to time even when she was on the verge of laughter. He made up his mind during the first two miles that he would never post that handbill. He determined during the second two miles that he would devise a way of meeting Rose Peters even if he had to risk his life to do it, and that he would offer her a chance to free herself from the bondage in which she lived by becoming Mrs. Mart Holloway. Mart felt deeply humble when he had reached this phase of his rumination; he felt that he was not worthy to think of himself in connection with the rare mountain beauty. Then he reflected the saying that faint heart never won fair lady, and decided to spur himself up and try to think better of himself, for her sake if for nothing else.

Once during the drive he took Mabel's hand and held it in his for a moment trying to imagine that he was holding the hand of sweet Rose Peters, and once on a sharp hillside he put his left arm around the girl and held her in the buggy. Mart was anything but a lady killer, and he never once dreamed that either of these two actions, nor his foolishly kissing the girl at the hotel, could have any consequences beyond the moment.

Then a startling thing occurred as the two were returning to town in the falling twilight. As they passed a dark place in the road under the shade of some crowded elms the horses nickered softly as if they sensed another horse near by. Then as they reached an open spot where it was much lighter, two deliberate shots rang out behind them, and two bullets buzzed like angry bees past the side of the buggy where Mart sat.

Mart drew his pistol and fired five shots in the direction from which the two shots had come, but he had no mark to shoot at and thought it the better part of wisdom to put his horses to a good pace and get the girl out of danger as quickly as possible.

Mabel was nearly frightened to death, or pretended to be so. At each shot Mart fired she gave a little scream, and then as he let his horses out almost to a run, she began to weep hysterically

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and wrap her arms fast about his neck.

"Oh, Mart," she moaned—she had dropped the "Mister" during the afternoon—"Mart hit's some one that's jealous of you, that's what it is. Hit's some one that's lovin' me an' is jealous of you an' wants to kill you!"

Mart began to see the light as to Mabel's case and to have sickening qualms of conscience. He got her into town as soon as possible and then put her under a solemn promise not to tell a soul what had occurred. He could not guess who his enemy might be, since he had done nothing to make an enemy since his coming to Kearneyville; but he knew that whoever it might be, talk would not help him to ferret him out.

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CHAPTER III.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

THE next morning—Monday morning—the young attorney, having no clients, as is usually the case with young lawyers, slipped out of town and across the sycamore footlog of Goose Creek and was soon threading his way toward the cedar-clad, berry-carpeted glen where the day before he had met his angel. Mart was a long-legged fellow and a good walker. In no time he had covered the three or four miles from the creek to the little romantic glen. The girl was not there; and the summer sun was soon as dim to him as a beclouded moon. The red berries had lost their taste and fragrance, the sequestered spot all its beauty and charm. For a moment or two the young lover felt ready to throw himself from some cliff in his bitter disappointment.

Then love made him crafty. He withdrew a little way from the glen and sat down upon an uprooted tree in a clump of sumac bushes where he could command a view of the place while he himself remained hidden. And there, as a hunter lies in wait for his game, he waited. He felt sure that Rose would come that morning. What more natural than that she would return for a second pail of berries? What more natural than that, if she reciprocated in the feeling he had for her, she should, like him, wish to return to the place of their encounter.

Mart sat for more than an hour waiting and watching. Then unexpectedly he heard a step, and there in the glen, as on the day before, he saw his darling. She stood before him with her back to him, her glorious, golden-brown hair gleaming in the sun, dressed in her neat brown gingham apron and close-fitting, sky-blue homespun dress. She stood so close to him, gazing at the distant hills beyond Kearneyville, that he could not make his presence known to her without startling her. He felt like a spy or a thief as he sat there still as a tree watching her; and then with an effort he forced himself to draw his eyes away and look at the ground. His thoughts ran into wild confusion at the consideration that if she should happen to start picking berries in his direction she would inevitably discover him there in the attitude of a sneak.

He sat for a long time trying to decide upon a course of action, and when he looked for her again she was at the far side of the glen stooping down in a graceful pose rapidly picking berries. Now was his time. He rose up and, making no noise till he emerged from the sumacs, walked boldly across the open space toward her. He thought she would never turn round and see him. So he coughed a little and came forward smiling, his hat in his hand.

"Mr. Holloway," she said in a voice meant to be reproving and in which there was a good deal of honest fear for his safety, "didn't I warn you yesterday it was dangerous for you to come to Nubbin Ridge."

"Something like that," he laughed uneasily. "You warned me it was dangerous to be caught walking on Sunday with a married woman; but what about talking on Monday with a single woman? Isn't that quite different?"

"Who told you? Oh, Mr. Holloway, have you been making inquiries about my people? Don't you know that is dangerous for you?"

"I talked to only one person about you," replied Mart; "that was to Miss Mabel Wharton, who works at the hotel where I stay."

"To her, of all persons," murmured the girl. "But, Mr. Holloway, I'll have to be going. Let me beg you not to make inquiries about my people of any one, and especially not to talk about us to Mabel Wharton."

Rose Peters had decided once for all that, cost what it might to her feelings and hopes, she must keep this young man at his distance. For after all she could not be positive that he was not a detective trying for that reward on her father's head. Yet this thought seemed surely an injustice to the handsome, clear-eyed young man; and Rose Peters had a sudden impulse to be kind to him.

"But I want to come here sometimes and meet you and talk with you," said the young man desperately.

"But we ought not to meet and talk until we have been properly introduced by some common friend," demurred the girl.

"But how is that to be," cried Mart, "when you never come to Kearneyville and positively forbid me to come to your home? I started to drive out to your house yesterday afternoon with Miss Wharton, but I decided that we would both be unwelcome, and so we drove in a different direction."

"And well that you did," murmured Rose Peters under her breath.

She felt a sudden pang of jealousy merely at the fact that Mart Holloway had driven with the other girl. She could understand now her brother Ralph's jealousy. Ralph was in love with Mabel. He had ridden into town that Sunday afternoon in the hope of seeing her and had been told that she and Mart had just driven away, but no one would tell the terrible young man in what direction. Then he had been seen to go into the postoffice, whose front doors were left standing open of Sundays for the sake of those with lock boxes, and had been seen to come out a moment later in a rage. He paused at the corner of the courthouse square and fired his Winchester rifle, then galloped madly away up the Sparta road. The firing of the gun in the heart of the village had revived the talk of organized resistance to lawlessness, and Monday morning Mart had slipped away from town, partly to escape the storm of words that was raging. He did not care to have it become known that he had been fired upon and have to answer a hundred questions, and he was not at all sure that Ralph Peters was the man that had done it.

"Why did you say, 'And well you did?'" he asked Rose Peters.

"Because my brother, Ralph, is in love with Mabel, madly and jealously in love with her. He came home late last night swearing everlasting revenge against you. I did not realize till then just how much he did care for her. He says he means to kill you on sight. I thought I had better warn you so you can be on your guard."

"But, Miss Peters, what kind of a savage is your brother? Would he commit murder merely because I went driving with a girl I care nothing about?"

"It seems that is just the point; he thinks you are just trifling with her. I never saw a person in such a rage as he was in last night; and worst of all he told something to my father and oldest brother, Harvey, last night that put them in a rage with you and they too have vowed to kill you. . . . I cannot think but what he saw us two walking together yesterday morning and—and saw something that took place after you turned back. You see father and Harvey wouldn't care anything about Ralph's affair with Mabel."

"You speak of his seeing something that took place after I turned back," said Mart. "What something? What took place?"

The girl blushed deeply.

"I can't explain," she stammered. "But Mr. Holloway, let me warn you, my father and brothers are a dangerous lot of men! Please leave me now and never come upon Nubbin Ridge again! I tell you, you don't realize the risk you are taking!"

"But what is it that your brother could have seen yesterday morning? I did nothing after I left you but to walk straight back to town."

"Well, you have been frank and honest with me," replied the girl with an effort. "I will try to be so with you. After you left me I was sorry that I had been so rude to you, was sorry that my father and brothers are such that I can never have the pleasures and privileges of other young women, and I felt so bad because I had lied to you about being a married woman that I sat down and took a long cry."

"You poor little girl," said Mart compassionately, as he took her hand in his. "I wish I might offer you a better life. I wish I might marry you, I wish I might marry you and take you away from all those rough men."

The young attorney suddenly changed his tone to one of determination.

"But I will do so. I will ask no one's permission but yours. If you will but say the word, I will make you my wife. Kearneyville isn't much of a place to live in, but it's superior to Nubbin Ridge. And I have a future before me. We will

(Continued on Page 25.)

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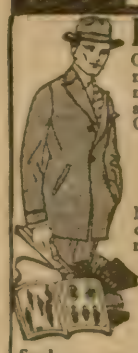

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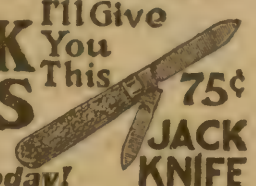

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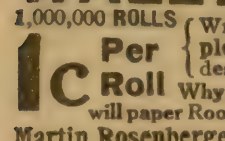

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The Scar

(Continued From Page 5)

third row, and Mark sat between Jim and Mrs. Trent.

"These seats are really quite as good as the stalls," she said contentedly, as she took off her hat and fluffed up her soft hair. She leaned forward in front of Mark to smile at her husband.

"Can you see all right, daddy?"

Mark had never enjoyed a pantomime so much before. They all laughed at everything; they encored every song, and it seemed all too short a time before they were out in the street again.

"It's past 11," Mrs. Trent said laughingly. "You boys will be tired out."

It was impossible to get on to an omnibus for the streets were crowded.

"Well, we must walk to Victoria, that's all," Mr. Trent said.

He took possession of his two younger sons, leaving Jim and Mark with his wife.

Jim had taken his mother's right arm, and after long moments of hesitation Mark slipped a cold hand thru the other.

She wore a fur coat—quite a shabby and unfashionable fur coat, but all his life Mark remembered the warm touch of it, and the motherly way in which she pressed his hand more closely to her side.

He shivered as he thought of Miss Midian and the cheerlessness to which he was so soon returning.

What a difference there was in fathers! For instance, he could not imagine his father laying a hand on his shoulder and saying—

"Well, old chap! What have you been doing with yourself today?"

Mark knew that it was of no interest to any one what he did with himself as long as he kept out of the way and out of mischief.

He was very quiet all the way home. He stared at Jim pityingly the following morning when he said enviously—

"Lucky dog! Going back to your ripping house."

Lucky! Mark thought that he was better able to judge which of them was the lucky one.

He wrung Mrs. Trent's hand hard at parting but not for worlds would he have kissed her again.

"Thank you very much for having me," was the only way in which his faltering tongue could interpret the gratitude of his heart.

But she understood! He knew by the look in her brown eyes that she understood.

"You must come again, Mark," she said. "We shall love to have you; and perhaps shall see you when the term begins; perhaps Mr. Trent and I will bring Jim back to school."

Mark lived on those words and the half-promise they contained thru the remainder of the holidays. As soon as he got back to school he began to make eager inquiries for Jim Trent.

Had any one seen him? What time was he expected?

Nobody seemed to know, until one of the under masters passing and catching the query, stopped and looked back at Mark.

"Trent?" he questioned. "He's not coming today. His mother died very suddenly last night so he won't be back for a week or two."

Mark walked away. There was a queer, muddled feeling in his brain, thro which the vague thought passed over and over again——

"Everything I love always dies, or goes away—everything!"

He wandered about the playground in miserable solitude till the other boys twitted him with homesickness; then he roused himself with an effort to join in their sports and chatter of the holidays.

There was an impromptu concert held in the fifth form room that night, and Mark sat it out patiently at the end of a bench, trying not to let his thoughts stray to a woman with a sweet voice, and soft brown eyes, who had been kinder to him than anybody else in the world.

He might have succeeded fairly well but for one unfortunate incident.

One of the boys, who fancied himself a cornet player, contributed a solo to the entertainment, and chose (chiefly because he knew it better than anything else) the air of "Ben Bolt."

Mark sat up very stiff and straight. He felt himself growing white as the familiar, haunting air broke the silence.

It was more than he could bear. His over-sensitive imagination carried him back with cruel vividity to the shabby drawing-room at No. 9 Disraeli road, and showed him the face of his friend's mother, as it had looked in the candle light as she sang to them after supper.

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?—
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown?

Mark rose to his feet, sending the wooden bench crashing to the ground. He rushed out of the room, out of the house, and into the dark night.

He stood looking up at the sky, sobbing and wringing his hands, hating his pain, but powerless to check it; and again the passionate thought went thru his mind:

"Everything I love always dies, or goes away—everything!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE door of the dingy London church opened suddenly to the darkness of a February evening, momentarily letting out a stream of warmth and a volume of music before it swung to again noiselessly

A man, hurrying up the street, paused for a moment and looked up at the stained glass windows behind which lights were burning dimly.

He was a young man with a rather bored and dissipated face, and the yellow glare of a street lamp showed him to be in full evening dress beneath the loose, dark overcoat which he wore. A fine diamond stud twinkled in his shirt-front, and the red tip of a half-smoked cigar glowed like a bloodshot eye thru the darkness as he stood there.

After a moment he tossed the cigar gutterwards, and buttoning the loose coat more closely, went on towards the church door. With his fingers on the brass handle, he paused again; then, with a little half-amused shrug, he pushed it wide, and, hat in hand, walked into the church.

It was a week-night, and the congregation was small. A short-sighted verger peered at him over horn-rimmed glasses with a faint curiosity, then creaked forward, offering a hymn book, but Mark Hellaby shook his head and tiptoed into a pew near the door.

He had not been inside a church for years, unless one counted the few boring society weddings which he had attended, and a curious feeling of having stepped back into the past rose in his heart as he stood there alone, grasping his opera hat nervously with both hands.

Perhaps it was the familiar hymn which was being sung that brought back his boyhood's days so vividly. He closed his eyes for a moment, feeling sure that when he opened them again he must find himself once more in his father's high-backed pew, with Miss Midian beside him singing in her shrill, unlovely treble——

Christian, dost thou see them,
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian, up and smite them! . . .

Mark opened his eyes with a little start to the face of a girl in the pew in front of him.

She was standing a little to his right, and apparently, like himself, she had dropped into the church impulsively, drawn perhaps, as he had been, by the music, for she, too, had no book and there was a small dispatch case lying beside her on the seat.

She was standing very still and upright, her ungloved hands grasping the low wooden back of the next pew, and her eyes fixed on a red lamp that burned in front of the altar.

Mark could only see her profile, and the warmth of soft brown hair beneath a black hat, but there was something in her appearance that arrested his attention.

She was not pretty—she was not particularly well dressed. She did not posses any of the attributes which convention had taught him were essentials to an attractive woman.

She did not make up, he was sure, and he was equally sure that she would not have been in the least interested had she known that one of the most eligible men in London was standing only a yard behind her.

And then the hymn came to an end, and, as if feeling his eyes upon her, the girl half-turned her head and their glances met.

Mark saw then that she had been crying—crying badly, and as if in total disregard of appearance. But it was only for a second that she allowed him

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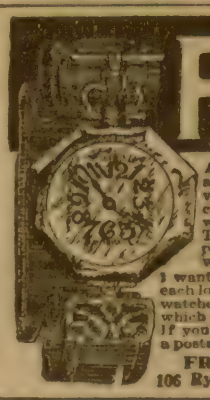

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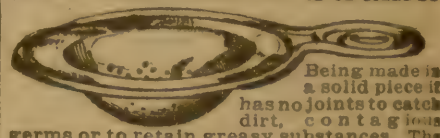

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to see her face, for the next she was on her knees with the rest of the congregation, and Mark had stolen out of his pew and was tiptoeing once more to the door.

It creaked protestingly beneath his hand, and he was mightily relieved to find himself in the street again.

He walked on hurriedly, but the hymn tune followed him, and he found himself humming it as he went—

Christian, dost thou see them,
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
On the holy ground? . . .

He shook his shoulders irritably. He had been a fool to go into the church at all—he could not understand the impulse that had driven him. Churches depressed him, and he had always hated that hymn for it reminded him of his boyhood, and his boyhood had not been a thing which any sane man would wish to remember.

But he wondered vaguely about the girl, and why she had been crying. Women were fond of going into churches to cry, he knew. He could remember when he was at school at Osterway, seeing a woman in black kneeling during the singing of a hymn, crying her heart out.

He crossed the road hurriedly and turned into Piccadilly.

Under a lamp he stopped and looked at his watch. Half-past 8!—he was late. He wondered how long Bishop had been waiting, and he grinned to himself as he thought what Bishop would say if he knew that he had broken his appointment in order to go into a church and listen to a hymn which he had not heard for nearly fifteen years.

It was a queer world; one never knew from day to day what stone from the past Fate was going to fling into the brook of one's memory. He pushed open the door of a restaurant and entered.

The blaze of light dazzled him for a moment; the noise of the band and the volume of chattering and laughter struck him with a sense of distaste after the silence and dimness of the church.

The thought rose in his mind that he would go back—let Bishop go to the devil; but already a commissionaire had taken his hat and coat, and Bishop himself was coming towards him across the big vestibule.

He slipped a familiar hand thru Mark's arm.

"You old bounder! I've been here twenty minutes."

"I'm sorry—my watch stopped." Mark half hung back. "Who's here?" he asked.

"Nobody. We're going on to the Lisburnes' afterwards—I thought we'd dine by ourselves. I've booked a table upstairs."

Mark allowed himself to be led forward.

People stared interestedly at the two men as they passed. They were both tall and well set-up, and both handsome in different ways.

Bishop was dark and red-faced, and already inclined to grossness. There was a look of tremendous brute strength about him, and something rather cruel and sensual in the fullness of his lips and the heavy lids of his eyes; but he was a handsome man for all that, and women more often looked at him than they did at Mark Hellaby, tho Mark was the gentleman of the two.

He was rather slender in build, tho his shoulders were broad, and there was that undoubted air of breeding about him which was almost cruelly lacking in his friend.

Just now he was looking rather pale and dissipated—the result of an unbroken fortnight in Bishop's company, and he had a splitting headache, tho he would not have owned to it for the world.

He sat down at the table which Bishop had reserved for them, and leaned his head wearily in his hands.

The noise of the band got on his nerves. He wondered why on earth Bishop had chosen a table so close to it—he half turned to say so, but Bishop had wandered off to speak to an acquaintance whom he had spotted at another table, and Mark contented himself instead by scowling at the conductor.

They were playing a noisy ragtime, and tho Mark was forced to listen to it, above the noise and blare of the instruments the old hymn tune was still running maddeningly thru his head—

Christian, dost thou see them,
On the hoid ground? . . .

He wished he could forget it; he hated it for forcing the past back on him. Against his will he found himself skimming the old pages of his life, at home, and at Osterway—the Rev. Algernon Jope; Timmins, the stable-boy; Miss Midian; Jeffries and the dog Sinner; they all passed before him like panoramic pictures, and behind them hovered the face of a girl—a dark, haunting face which he had never forgotten—Miriam's.

Mark Hellaby frowned above his shut eyes. What was the matter with him that tonight of all nights he should think of her?

An incident from his boyhood—a sealed page—finished! An episode that might have happened in the life of anybody—and now long since ended. . . .

WHERE the devil was Bishop? He opened his eyes and rose to his feet irritably. He'd be hanged if he'd stay.

"Getting hungry?" Bishop asked at his elbow, and Mark sat down again sulkily.

He hardly touched his dinner, but he drank a great deal of wine, and presently he found that the noisy band no longer troubled him, and he even forgot his headache and began to talk.

He talked about the past because the haunting hymn tune in his head would allow him to talk about nothing else; he talked about Osterway, and laughed so uproariously that people began to look at him, and once Bishop leaned over and touched him rebukingly on the arm.

Mark drew himself up with great dignity; he said that he objected to being called to order, he asked in his most stately manner if Bishop considered he was drunk, and all the time in his heart he knew quite well that he was, and hated himself for it.

When they went downstairs after dinner, Bishop slipped a hand under his elbow to steady him.

"You don't want any more to drink," he protested half-heartedly, when Mark declared they must have a final before they went. They went into the bar, and Mark walked up to the counter and had opened his lips to order two whiskies, when suddenly he closed them again with a sort of snap and stood quite still.

The giddy revolving wheel in his head slowed down and stopped so suddenly that it made him feel sick. All power seemed to have deserted his limbs as he stood there stupidly staring at the face of the girl who was serving the man next to him.

Then all at once a sort of horror swept thru him and he knew now that subconsciously he had been expecting this—that it was only the climax to which the whole events of the evening had been leading up. With a mighty effort he forced himself to turn; another moment and he would have walked away, but the girl was too quick for him. She stretched a hand across the counter, lightly touching his scarred wrist with her finger.

"You've still got it, then?" she said, with a laugh. Her dark eyes searched his pale face mockingly. "I always knew we should meet again," she told him.

Mark tried to answer, but his tongue felt stiff.

Bishop spoke at his elbow.

"Buck up," he said impatiently. "What on earth are you doing? We're due at the Lisburnes' at 9. Have you ordered——?" Then he, too, saw the girl behind the bar, and broke off.

She looked at him and laughed insolently.

"It's a small world, Mr. Bishop," she said. "Two whiskies, did you say?"

She moved away to get glasses, and Mark's eyes followed her helplessly.

She had developed into a very handsome woman; her hair and eyes were splendid, and she had a high color. Her carriage was good, too, and her head well poised on graceful shoulders.

"Take her out of this impossible environment, and she might be—well, anything."

The thought went thru Mark's mind subconsciously.

Bishop nudged him and laughed.

"Coincidence if you like, eh?" he said significantly. "Why, we were only just talking about the old days at Osterway, and now——"

Mark pulled himself together with an effort. He turned and looked down at his friend with a sort of rough suspicion in his eyes.

"Did you know she was here?" he demanded.

He spoke with slow emphasis, as some men invariably speak when they have had too much to drink, and yet he had never felt more sober in his life than he did at the moment.

The shock of seeing this girl had sobered him, and tho fifteen years had passed since their last meeting in the vicarage garden at Osterway, he still felt something of the old fascination to which as a boy she had compelled him—a fascination which yet held more than a tinge both of fear and dislike. He repeated his question to Bishop almost angrily.

"Did you know she was here?"

Bishop shrugged his shoulders.

"I! My dear chap, is it likely? Of course I didn't know."

Miriam came back with the whiskies and set them down on the counter.

"I should have known you both anywhere," she said, with easy familiarity. "You haven't really altered a bit, either of you."

But she looked at Mark only as she spoke, and tho he tried to draw his eyes from her face he could not—his will seemed paralyzed, and all the time that cursed hymn tune was revolving maddeningly in his head——

Christian, dost thou see them,
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian, up and smite them! . . .

A sudden crash and the splintering of glass rang thru the bar. Conversation ceased, and every one rushed to see what had happened, as a woman's shrill scream rent the air.

Mark Hellaby had lurched and fallen forward across the counter, scattering a dozen tumblers and decanters in all directions.

Startled questions clamored for replies.

"What happened? What is the matter? He tried to hit her, didn't he?"

Interested eyes were turned to the girl behind the bar, who had drawn away beyond the reach of Hellaby's outflung arm. She was white to the lips, but those lips still smiled scornfully.

Somebody else said——

"Pooh, he's drunk! Silly young fool."

The little crowd began to disperse. Bishop had dragged Mark to his feet again. He spoke to him sharply, and, with an arm about him, he forced him outside. A taxi was just driving away, and Bishop shouted to the driver to stop. He wrenched open the door, and forced Hellaby in.

"Nice d—d fool you've made of yourself," he said savagely as they drove

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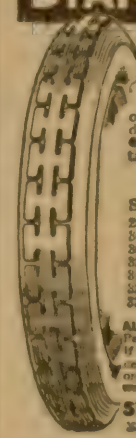

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away. "Why the devil do you want to get so beastly drunk?"

Mark was sitting forward, his head leaning on his hands, his hat fallen on the floor of the taxi.

He looked up; his face, in the light of a street lamp, looked white and wild.

"I'm not drunk," he said, in a queer, thick sort of voice. "I knew what I was doing. I hate her—I wish I'd killed her."

Bishop laughed.

"You're drunk, my son," he said easily. "The girl was scared to death. It's a d—d shame. You'll have to go back and apologize to her in the morning."

Mark gave a savage growl like a wounded animal.

"Apologize!" he echoed thickly. "I'll see her in hell first."

Ledger readers will now wonder what sort of a part the former "little Miriam," now grown to handsome womanhood, will play in Mark's life. We are aware of his vow that he hates her, even of his wish that he had killed her—but does he hate her?—and if so, will she strive to overcome that hate, now that he is so near her in London? Or, will she turn her attentions to Bishop, whom she had teased and tormented in his boyhood days at Osterway? And what part, if any, is the girl Mark observed in the dingy church to enact in Mark's future career? Readers will do well to think over these natural queries while awaiting the next big installment of the story in the Ledger next week.

* * *

The Marking of Bills.

IN THEIR surveillance and apprehension of suspected persons, Government secret service officers often find it necessary to "mark the money" handled by such persons. There are various methods of marking national currency, one of the most novel being the pin prick.

The note to be marked is, say, the $5 silver certificates bearing the vignette of an Indian chief in his full regalia of feathers and trappings and presenting a full-face view. With the aid of a pin the secret service man makes two punctures in the bill directly in the pupils of the Indian's eyes. To the casual and sometimes even critical inspector of the note these pin pricks are invisible. If raised to the light, however, the bill will reveal them distinctly.

The markings are complicated by the following process: The pin point is applied in the "twist" of the large figure 5 at the two upper corner of the note. These tiny twists do not appear in the "necks" of the two figure 5s that are at both ends of the bottom of the note. The note is now pierced again, this time in the ends of the scrolls on each side of the word "five" in the lower center of the bill. The marking is now complete. In secret it is exhibited to one or more persons for identification, and is then placed in the till or money drawer to which the suspected person has access.

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The Riddle of the Rings

(Continued From Page 6)

query that had come in over the wire, had admitted that a P. Hess was booked at the Paris. Whereupon the voice had identified itself as being that of a Dr. Haynes of the Passavant Memorial Hospital.

Dr. Haynes had then declared that a man, injured in an automobile crash, had been brought into one of the emergency rooms of the hospital at 10 o'clock. According to a statement made to the ambulance surgeon by a druggist on the corner of Rush and Walton place, a motor truck had struck a taxi cab in which this man was riding, at the very instant in which the smaller vehicle was whirling around that corner at about 9:45 in the evening. And here let me pause to remark that Rush and Walton place, strangely enough, was the nearest corner to Aline's boarding-house. But to return to the subject of the accident: While the taxi cab driver had only suffered a dislocated shoulder, the cab itself had been splintered almost into matchwood, and its lone passenger had been picked up for dead and carried into the drug store. The druggist, of course, had telephoned to the nearest hospital.

After examining him carefully at the hospital, they had found that he was fatally injured. Just what the injuries consisted of, Reilly did not inform the chief, no doubt having omitted to inquire from Dr. Haynes regarding that point. However, after undressing the victim and bandaging him up to some extent, they had searched thru the pockets of his clothing. Here they had come across several cards bearing the name and address: "Peter Hess, the Paris, Chicago," and also a large diamond ring. Doubting whether the victim would live until morning, they had immediately called the Paris by telephone in an effort to get in touch with the man's relatives—if there were any. And Reilly, of course, had instantly rung up Chief Sheehan.

As a result of all this the whole party of us were now speeding toward the Passavant Hospital. And the presence of the young man who acted as a night stenographer at the Central Bureau, was explained, so I surmised, by Chief Sheehan's desire to obtain a dying statement from Peter Hess.

After what seemed to me to be an interminable length of time, we drew up in front of a red brick building near the corner of Superior and La Salle streets. Thru the main door I caught a glimpse of several white-capped nurses flitting about. We dismounted and tiptoed in, sniffing the peculiar odor of ether and iodoform that always seems to prevail inside the four walls of a hospital. Once inside Dr. Gillmore and the chief stepped over to a brass railing behind which a young girl was busily engaged in attending to the flashing lights of a telephone switchboard. Almost at the same instant a tall young fellow, clad in a white duck suit, appeared from around a turn in the corridor.

"Dr. Haynes is my name," he remarked. "Are you gentlemen here in connection with the man who was hurt in the automobile crash tonight? Or was it some one else you wished to see?"

"And I'm Sheehan—in charge of the Central Detective Bureau," replied the chief. "This man Hess is the key to a big murder mystery here in Chicago tonight. Has he recovered consciousness yet? If so, I'd like to see him. Will he live?"

"Come upstairs, then," answered young Dr. Haynes. "He's conscious now—and wants to give out some sort of a statement. As to his living—no chance, so far as I can see now. His spine's broken in several places, and he's hurt internally as well. After he came 'round and I decided that he was about done for—I frankly told him so. And now regarding any statement you want to get from him, you're just about in time. He's sinking mighty fast—but he doesn't realize it, for I've got him bolstered up with a hypodermic. So there's no reason why you can't get what you want if you'll hurry. There's a chance, of course, that he'll hold out for as much as forty-eight hours. Might even live and be paralyzed. Follow me—right this way."

Silently we fell in behind him and soon found ourselves crowding into a tiny elevator. With a rush we were whisked to the third floor. Here Dr. Haynes conducted us to a small room at the end of the corridor. Inside was a white enameled bed around the foot of which a striped clad nurse was hovering. And in the bed, white-faced, staring, breathing heavily, his head bandaged tightly, was the same bearded fellow who not so many hours ago had struck me down in my room, now an almost forgotten incident.

Sheehan strode quickly to the bedside and looked down at the pathetic figure.

"I'm Chief Sheehan," he said sternly. "Are you the man that killed Jack Kenwood in cold blood tonight?"

"Sit down, chief," said the white figure faintly. "And the gentlemen with you, too. The croaker—beg pardon—the doctor says that Pete Hess has played his last card. It seems kind of hard to believe it—but I'm not exactly sorry at that. Life hasn't been all velvet for me—so I'm not doing any squalling when I look at the results of everything. And remember that my troubles anyway are soon going to be over with. And that being the case I want you to know the whole truth about a matter concerning a pair of strange rings, a stolen finger and the death of a man in the National Life Building tonight."

"Are you willing to talk, then," asked the chief, "while this man takes down your words in shorthand." He indicated the stenographer with a motion of his thumb.

"By all means," returned Hess wearily, stirring slightly under the covers. "Just draw your chairs as close as you can to the bed."

And as soon as we were seated around the bedside, the stenographer with his pencil poised above the fluttering leaves of his notebook, Hess began his strange confession.

"Chief," he said, "I killed that broker in self-defense tonight. But before I go further let me inform you that his name wasn't Jack Kenwood. It—it—should have been Jack Durant, Jr."

"What!" exclaimed Dr. Gillmore excitedly, half rising from his chair. "Jack Durant, Jr.? You knew him then, did you?"

"No. I never saw him in my life until tonight!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

"THEN you mean to say," interpolated the chief quickly, "that this Jack Kenwood was living under an assumed name—that in reality he was the son of a man named Jack Durant?"

"Not exactly living under an assumed name," replied Hess. "So far as he knew, his name was actually Jack Kenwood. But I hope to hold out long enough to clear up the whole tangle. However, I want to tell the story in my own way—and from the very beginning."

"Better let him alone," cautioned Dr. Gillmore, laying his hand on the chief's arm. "All these interruptions and cross-questionings will only use up his strength and delay the whole explanation. Go ahead, Hess, and give us the facts just as you intended to."

"Good," replied the injured man. "That's the way I want to give 'em—straight from the beginning. And the beginning of the whole affair, chief, was the afternoon of May 1st, 1895. And the place where it all started was the office of the American Novelty Company of Chicago—at that time a small and flourishing concern located on the top floor of the old Columbia Building. That building has been torn down long since, chief. It's enough for me to tell you, tho, that it fronted on South Water street, near Dearborn—and the back of it looked squarely out on the Chicago River, at that time dirty, oily, ill-smelling.

"What was I doing there, chief? That's the question you want to ask. Likewise, who am I? The last hardly matters—but I'll answer it anyway. Peter Hess is my right name—and always has been my name. And as to what relation I had with the American Novelty Company, on the fourth floor of the Columbia Building, it's sufficient for me to say that I worked in their office as a clerk. And now let me describe the American Novelty Company just as it was. It's only in that way that you'll be able to understand the circumstances which took place afterward.

"The back of the top floor, chief, was divided off from the front by a glass and wooden partition; it held the usual long bookkeeper's desk, the office boy's stand, my own table, the small office safe, the bookcase and the desk of the boss himself—the Old Man as we used to call him. But don't get the impression that he was actually old, for, as a matter of fact, he wasn't yet 30. Already at that age he'd built up his little business under the name of the American Novelty Company—and let me tell you that he was making good and was just starting out on the road that people call 'getting rich.'

"Try not to be impatient with me, chief, at the lack of connection of all these things with the present day. I'll come to that as soon as I get the lay-out of the place pictured for you. Now as to the front of the top floor. It held lathes, drill presses, grindstones, a couple of milling machines and all the other necessary apparatus for turning out small metal novelties in fairly large quantities. Here, of course, was where the actual manufacturing took place. Boarded off from the machine shop was another space used by the lone shipping clerk and his helper. So with all this, chief, you've got the scene laid for the first act—the office and shop of the American Novelty Company. The star actors, as you've probably guessed already, were myself and the Old Man. So much for that.

"But I haven't told you much yet about the main prop—the Old Man's steel office

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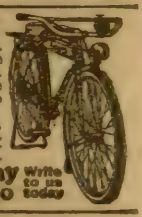

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safe. It was a small one, less than three feet in height, and it stood over in the corner not far from his desk—with the name of the American Novelty Company and his own name as well, painted on it in bright gold letters. And that safe is the whole cause of the affair that's been unfolded during the last few days. So now I'll get on to the main story.

"In the afternoon of the first day of May, 1895, I was checking over some invoices when I happened to look up and see the Old Man come into the office, lugging a black valise. It looked to be pretty heavy, chief, and I had never seen it before. That night the Old Man stayed at the office until every one else had gone. The following morning when I got down to work I saw something rather unusual: a new night watchman—something that the Old Man had never employed before—was just getting ready to go off duty.

"Well, on the afternoon of the 2nd of May, 1895, I was peering out of the window watching the tugs scooting along on the river four stories below, when the Old Man trudged in again lugging the same heavy black valise. It certainly roused my curiosity. He put the valise in the bottom of his desk. That night he remained again after all the rest of the boys had left for home. And all that evening while I was sitting in a friendly game of poker and getting away with a few drinks on the side, I kept wondering what was the meaning of the Old Man's two trips away from the office in the middle of the afternoon—and his return with the heavy black satchel. And I was puzzled, too, over the fact that a night watchman had been suddenly taken on the force. But next day I was to learn the whole cause.

"On the 3rd of May—still in 1895, chief—the Old Man called me up to his desk in the early part of the afternoon.

"'Hess,' he said, 'I'm going to let you go.'

"'Go?' I asked in surprise. 'Why—why—do you mean I'm discharged?'

"'Yes,' he said. 'I'm going to let you out. I've had information that you've been drinking and gambling pretty steadily. Never mind how I got it. Those things always reach an employer's ears. Now, Hess, when I hired you, you lied to me. You stated that you didn't drink nor gamble. So you knew my set opinions about those things. I'm sorry—but you'll have to go. I'll have your envelope ready for you tonight.'

"Well, I pleaded and pleaded with him. I was getting fourteen dollars a week. There was a girl that I'd had my eye on—that I fancied I wanted to marry. Hence, the loss of my job meant a good deal to me. But the Old Man was immovable. I know now that my pleading with him was a sheer waste of breath.

"NATURALLY I didn't do much work the rest of that afternoon. Part of the time I spent in wondering where I'd get another easy job like the one I had; the rest of the time I used up in looking down at the river and worrying about what the girl would say—and what excuse I could give for being ousted. I didn't have the courage to tell her the truth.

"And so, chief, the afternoon dragged on. At about 4 o'clock there was a sudden screeching noise out in the shop. I'd heard that sound before in my life—and I knew at once what it was. You can bet that I didn't go along when the rest of the boys rushed out. I knew that a defective emery wheel had flown into pieces while it was whirling around a good many thousand times a minute—and I confess that I didn't want to see the muss—or the blood.

"Now the Old Man was writing a letter at his desk when the excitement commenced. He sprung up and rushed out into the shop. So I crossed over to his desk to where I could peep out thru his own private peep-hole which he'd had constructed in the wooden partition. Inside of a second I saw that the man who had been operating the emery wheel hadn't been touched at all. But the pieces had flown in all directions and had done considerable damage—such as cracking some of the window panes and so forth. Then I happened to glance down at the Old Man's unfinished letter which lay just as he had left it when the commotion started. I couldn't resist the temptation to read over the first few lines. When those were read I couldn't stop—since the whole explanation of my employer's actions during the last three days was set forth as plain as sunlight to me. The person to whom the letter was written was apparently some friend of his in the East; I didn't pay much attention to that part of it. What I devoured was the letter itself.

"'Dear Jim,' it began. It started out, as I've told you, in a manner which showed that this Jim was an old friend of his with whom he corresponded irregularly. I ran my eye quickly over all this and finally came to a paragraph which burned itself on my brain—a paragraph which ran almost word for word as I repeat it here:

"'Well, Jim, your opinion regarding the trend of financial matters thruout the country is identical with my own. As I look at it, we're due for another panic, a worse one than that of '93, perhaps the worst in history. It may come in a day, a month, or it might even hold off for a year. It is holds off until a change in the administration takes place, it will be more than I expect. But when it does arrive, Jim, banks, commercial houses, businesses and all similar institutions lying between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, are going to crumple up at the rate of thousands every hour.

"'So convinced am I, Jim, that we are right now on the verge of this new panic, that I have taken what may seem to you as a foolish, foolish step. All my profits from my little manufacturing business in this city have been sunk in a 6 per cent mortgage on a Chicago flat building for the last few years—twenty thousand dollars, Jim. And last week the mortgager paid it off with a check on the First National. And all the banks, just now, look the same to me. At any rate, day before yesterday I went to the bank and drew out ten thousand dollars of it in gold, brought it back to the office—sub rosa, of course—and locked it in my private safe. Yesterday I did the same. Now I've got it secure beyond the possibility of any impending—and sudden—bank failure; secure until I can slap it into a new mortgage.

"And how about burglary, you wonder, Jim. Well, after all, who would ever dream that that little office strong-box of mine contains a snug fortune? However, to be on the safe side, I've got a night watchman now whose credentials are absolutely A No. 1. I don't see that I'm taking any chance at all. As soon as——'

"Here, chief, the letter stopped. I hot footed it back to my own table and commenced shuffling over a sheaf of statements. Inside of a half a minute the Old Man came stamping in the office. He glanced suspiciously in my direction. I pretended to be very much engaged in what I was doing. But, actually, my mind was in a whirl. In that short space of time I saw the faint outlines of a scheme in which I could get revenge on the Old Man, secure possession of a tidy little fortune in gold coin, and marry the girl I imagined I wanted.

"Well, at 6 o'clock the Old Man shook me by the hand and handed me my pay envelope. 'I'm sorry, Hess,' he said, 'but I'll give you a reference if anybody writes to me for one. That's stretching a point more than I intended.' And I walked down and out of the Columbia Building, fired, but with a startling secret in my possession—a secret that would have to be acted on quickly if any good were to be gotten out of it.

"All that night, chief, I lay awake figuring out my plan for getting hold of that twenty thousand dollars—and before morning came I perfected nearly every detail of it. But my scheme required a second man. And let me say here that it didn't include any safe blowing, since I was totally ignorant of the methods used by professional yeggs—and I couldn't have availed myself of those methods if I had understood them. My scheme, chief, consisted of stealing safe and all—a heavy, ponderous safe that weighed at least seven or eight hundred pounds with its contents. Ah, I knew you'd look surprised! So I'll describe presently how I did it.

"Now, as I just mentioned, I required the services of a second man—and I had just the man in mind. He was a young fellow who had lost considerable money in the card games that I, myself, had been sitting in every night. But what was most important was the fact that he understood the operation of a steam launch—and a boat of that sort, you understand, was an essential part of my plan for the getaway with the Old Man's gold coin. Now this fellow that I spoke of was named Jack Durant——"

"Jack Durant?" echoed Dr. Gillmore, leaning forward. "Jack Durant? A college man?"

"Yes," responded Hess, turning a puzzled gaze in Gillmore's direction. "Did you ever know a Jack Durant?"

"Know him? You could never realize how well I knew him."

"Well, then," replied the injured man, "it's a cinch that you'll be interested in what I'm going to say whether any one else is or not. But to get back to the subject. Jack Durant had gone to some Eastern college—Yale or Harvard—I've forgotten which. But things hadn't gone right with him. When I met him he seemed to be dropping lower and lower in the scale of life—and getting bluer and bluer at the way he was panning out. So I went to him, and, after a bit of beating around the bush, I said:

"'Jack, old scout, you know that I'm

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your friend. And you know, too, that you and I are nobody in the world unless we've got money—which we're never going to get on a measly salary. And we——'

"'Right you are,' he broke in savagely. 'In this age of capitalism you have to knock a rich man in the head if you want to get your share of the good things of life. We're living in an era of cutthroatism.'

"When I heard him talking in that strain I was tickled to death—for I knew that I could get him to come in with me on my plan. And so I led up to the subject gently. To my surprise, however, he balked when it came right down to the carrying out of the scheme. So I was forced to paint the most glorious picture in his eyes—a picture of what he could do if he had ten thousand dollars all for his own. And I confess that I lied to him when I declared that the Old Man was worth at least a hundred thousand dollars in toto. This, of course, I knew to be untrue, since his letter had declared that the twenty thousand dollars in gold coin represented all his wealth outside of the meager mechanical equipment of the American Novelty Company.

"And so, chief, that last statement of mine carried the day with Jack Durant. As soon as I convinced him that the victim of the robbery would have left just about four times the amount he would lose, Jack consented to go in with me.

"NOW as to the plan that I had formulated—it depended upon two features that I want to describe. The first was as follows: Projecting several feet from the brickwork near the roof of the Columbia Building was a fifteen or eighteen-inch beam, with a ponderous hook hanging from the end of it. A few days after I had commenced working for the American Novelty Company, I had seen the heavy parts of a steel roof tank hoisted up to the top floor from a flatboat in the river below. This method had been resorted to on account of the fact that the hydraulic freight elevator had broken down at an inopportune time. In fact, the architect who designed the old Columbia Building must have placed that cantilever beam there for just such a purpose—to take care of any emergencies such as stoppage of elevator service. One thing was certain; each floor had a sliding door which opened out directly beneath the projecting beam. And the building itself was built close to the water's edge, there being no dock proper, you understand, only a small footboard and a wobbly handrail, which allowed a man to pass from the rear of one building to the rear of another along the river. So much for that. Now to feature number two.

"Each night before closing, several immense galvanized cans with covers were filled with metal scraps from the lathes and other machinery and sent down on the elevator to the basement. Here they were called for punctually at 10 o'clock by a wagon belonging to a West Side foundry which purchased these scraps. Before the advent of the Old Man's new night watchman, these cans had to be fetched up every morning by one of the lathe oilers. But in my brief remaining stay with the American Novelty Company I noticed that since the coming of the watchman the cans were back in the lathe room every morning, empty. In view of the fact that the power for the elevator was supplied all night by a small basement power plant several buildings further down the river, it was quite plain that the Old Man had instructed his new employe to pull the elevator cable every night when he heard the empty cans rolled back on, bring the elevator to the fourth floor, and roll the cans off again into the lathe room. He was not an employer, you see, who would let a man sit around doing nothing if some task could be found that would expedite some one else's work. And so, taking into consideration these two features that I've described, I made my plans accordingly.

"Now for the important factor—the boat. Jack had run a steam launch in his more palmy days; he had told me this himself. And remember, chief, that in 1895 the gasoline launch was practically unknown. Furthermore, all along the north shore of the lake, where the swell people lived, there were steam launches galore—little fellows and big ones; launches of all descriptions that were usually kept in small outlying boat houses when not in use. And so we got our power boat without much trouble, chief, by the simple method of—well—stealing it.

"On the night of the 4th of May we went out launch hunting along the north shore. We finally struck a splendid residence that was quite dark, servants' quarters and all. Down we went to the water's edge and peered in the window of the boathouse. And there, all painted white, was just the trim little twenty-footer that we were looking for.

"We broke the glass, crawled in, and looked her over by match light. Her engine and boiler was at the stern, nicely painted, but evidently much tinkered with by some one who didn't fully understand it, for in several places it was wired together with fine steel wire. But her little coal box was full. There was plenty of wood along with the fuel. There were also oarlocks, two pairs of oars and a round life preserver. On her nose was a coal oil searchlight. I tell you, chief, we shook hands on the spot. Then we forced the lock on the outer door of the bathhouse and found ourselves shortly rowing out on a lake which was as smooth as glass.

"While Jack built a fire and got the engine chugging merrily—but somewhat bumpily—I was busy painting out the name with a can of white paint that I'd found under one of the hatches. And in less than twenty minutes we were spinning northward over the surface of the water, Jack tinkering around the engine like a girl with a new doll, and myself lolling back on the leather cushions at the bow, wondering how our plan would work out the following night; for we had intended to pull off the stunt the night following the one on which we got possession of a launch.

"Well, we drew up about 11 o'clock that night in a little cove off Fortieth street, on the south shore. There we beached her carefully and went home to get a few hours' sleep in our respective rooming-houses. Next morning Jack was on his way back to stand guard over our stolen boat, at the same time painting her quickly over with green paint. Altho he did all this I learned afterward that it was time wasted, for several days elapsed before the owners returned to Chicago and inserted an advertisement in the 'lost' columns of the newspapers.

"And while Jack was watching the launch that morning, I took a North Side car and went back along the north shore on a further tour of exploration. After a three-minute walk I discovered an old deserted shack on the edge of the lake. Here, then, was a place to bring the safe which we expected to get away with. We could, I figured, roll it into this shack on logs, and bury it if necessary. Then at some later date we could uncover it and commence the slow, tedious drilling of holes that would cut away the combination lock.

"AFTER locating this tumbledown dwelling I made the long, painful ride from the north city limits back to the city proper. In a big downtown mill supply house I made a purchase that swallowed up practically all of my scant savings. I bought a huge pair of triple blocks and three hundred feet of stout hemp tackle. The two packages were so heavy that I had to hire a porter to help me on the South Side street car. After I arrived at Thirty-Ninth street I left the tackle in an old woman's back yard until such time that I could send Jack Durant back to get it. Then, lugging the blocks only, I started down for the beach where we had left the steam launch.

"Well, when we got there I hardly knew the boat. She was green as grass—and almost dry. So I sent Jack back to Thirty-Ninth street to fetch the coil of tackle. And after he arrived, sweating, grunting, swearing, staggering under the load of all that rope, we stretched out on the sand and took a rest. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon we threaded the rope thru the two blocks and stowed it away in the bottom of the launch. Then we wended our way up around Thirty-ninth street, where we had a good meal and several drinks. And now to tell you, chief, how our plan worked; absolutely perfect—except for the finish. Until last week I myself never even knew what the actual termination of our project was.

"At 7 o'clock that night we shoved the launch out into the water. Altho there was a quarter moon that week, the sky was just cloudy enough to hide it completely. So I lighted the little coal oil searchlight and Jack built a hot coal fire under the boiler. Soon we were steaming northward. Oddly enough, I wasn't nervous at all, for it looked to me as tho the whole scheme must go thru without a hitch.

"Somewhat before 9 o'clock we reached the mouth of the Chicago River. This was marked by a light on one end of the Government Pier, which lay to the north of us and some distance out from shore. At 9 o'clock we were steaming silently up the river. By 9:15 the launch was snug up against the back piling of the Columbia Building, tied, and with its light extinguished.

"Out I jumped. I groped my way into the dark hall passage that ran past the freight elevator. I struck a match, looked into one of the scrap cans—and found it full of metal curlings. So far, so good. Back I went to the dock. Jack then tossed me up a tiny hand line with which I drew up our block and tackle arrangement. This I dragged back in the hallway and threw behind an old wooden partition. Then I sat down myself behind the partition and began the tedious wait for the arrival of the man who always called for the metal scraps.

"At 10 o'clock I heard him come shuffling in. I heard him roll each can out and later roll it back onto the elevator platform—empty. And so, while he was out on South Water street tipping the last can into his wagon I dropped the blocks and tackle into one of the empties, replaced the cover, jumped into another empty can, brought back its loose cover over my head, and got out my long, blue-steel revolver which I had in my coat pocket all along. And I slipped over my eyes a mask made from one of my old socks.

"Presently I heard him rolling the last can onto the elevator platform. Then I heard him holler up: 'All ready. H'ist away, you on the top floor.' And as his footsteps died out, I could feel the elevator rising slowly, in response, of course, to the watchman's manipulation of the cable. Finally she stopped. And I swear, chief, that in that one second I had a lump in my throat that felt as tho it would choke me.

"Well, the minute I heard the watchman start to roll one of the cans off the elevator I knew without any doubt that both of his hands were occupied and that my own revolver would be master of the situation. I stood up quickly, throwing off the cover with a clang. 'Hands up!' I said. And, chief, his jaw fell open and his arms went up in the air as tho they were fastened to two invisible balloons.

"It appears that I had him dead to rights—for his own gun was in his coat pocket and he'd removed his coat, you see, in order to roll off the cans. So in three seconds I had him backed into the Old Man's clothes closet and the door locked tight on him. In there he could have yelled all night and no one would have been able to hear him out on the street

"Without using up any more time I jerked out the block and tackle contrivance. By standing on the sill of one of the windows, I managed to hang the immense iron hook of one of the blocks on the corresponding hook of the I-beam which projected a short ways from the brickwork. Then I stepped down on the floor again and drew out the remaining block for ten or twenty feet. And all this time, chief, the watchman never let out a peep, for I had threatened to send a bullet at him thru the panels of the door if he so much as whispered.

"I walked into the shop and got a long piece of heavy iron chain that was kept always in one certain spot. This I wound around the safe in a sort of slip-noose fashion and hooked it on the free block. Then I shoved open the sliding door that looked down on the river, and tossed a burning match out in the air. This had been agreed upon by Jack and me as a signal for him to pull away from the Columbia Building in case anything should break or slip. In a few seconds I saw the glow of his engine moving downstream several rods.

"So I drew down on my fall line until the blocks were taut. Then I rolled the safe clear to the edge of the floor, where one push with my foot would send it swinging free of the building from the end of the I-beam. Again I drew the ropes taut. For a friction brake I took two turns around an iron crossbar at the top of the doorway. I put all my weight on the line. I had tipped the scales at one hundred and seventy pounds a week before—and I had triple blocks. Hence it was plain that by my weight alone I should be able to support at least six times one hundred and seventy pounds—or over half a ton.

"There was nothing left to do but give the safe a shove—and trust to the good old laws of simple mechanics. This I did. As it slid off the floor and swung clear of the building, the ropes and pulleys groaned a bit—but stood the strain easily. So I let the rope pass slowly thru my fingers, around the double turn on the cross-bar, and back and forth thru the blocks. After what seemed an interminable time I heard a sharp whistle from Jack. This was another signal we had agreed upon as showing that the safe was near enough to the surface of the river for him to bring the launch up beneath it. While I hung on, sweating profusely, I could see the dull glow of the firebox moving to a point directly below me. Again a double whistle from Jack—the signal for easy lowering. And finally as the rope passed slowly from my hands, I felt an immediate easing up of the strain. At the same instant, three sharp whistles from Jack told me that the Old Man's strongbox was safe on the bottom of the launch and that it

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was unhooked from the pulley. And just as the glow moved down the river in the direction of Lake Michigan, I realized with a wave of joy that the job had been a complete success.

"I UNHOOKED the tackle and let it drop with a splash to the bottom of the river. I walked to the elevator, let myself down to the passageway, and in less than no time was out on South Water street. A minute later I was crossing the Dearborn street bridge. As I glanced hurriedly down the river I saw a sudden red glare near the State street bridge—a glare caused by the opening of a firebox door on a small launch. As I look back on it now, that must have been Jack.

"Well, chief, I was soon on the north side. Here I got a car in short order and went northward. Leaving the line, I hoofed it out along Lake Michigan till I came to that deserted shack. Then I built a brush fire on the shore and sat down to wait for the appearance of Jack and the launch, wondering if the night watchman had kicked his way out of the closet with much difficulty. But 1 o'clock in the morning came, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4 o'clock, then dawn—and finally sunrise.

"I tell you I was dumfounded. Jack had declared that he was going to steam slowly down the river and northward along the lake. He had stated, too, that he was going to keep well away from shore—even if he had to run close to the lights of the Government Pier, in order not to meet any small pleasure boats who would be apt to catch a glimpse of the black iron safe. Finally, he was going to anchor near the north end of Lincoln Park and keep a lookout for my brush fire.

"From dumbfounded I passed into alarm. Had Jack been captured? Had his engine broken down, compelling him to drift? Had he caught sight of some other brush fire—and become beached in the wrong place? Near dawn a deep suspicion passed over my mind: He had deliberately double-crossed me! He had done me out of my share of the twenty thousand dollars.

"Why prolong this old narrative, chief? Enough to tell you that nothing was ever seen of Jack or the launch again—by me. I learned from the newspapers that he hadn't been captured. I came to know in time that the launch had never been found floating—either upright or upside down. After a month had flown by I bitterly gave up all hope of ever seeing him again. But I swore that if I ever came across him during the rest of my life I'd wring every cent of that stolen money from him.

"Years went by—many of 'em. I drifted around the world a bit. Saw glimpses of South America, South Africa, China—and other out of the way places. On and off I lived in Chicago. On a recent trip here I got tangled up with the hard times. A Michigan avenue firm advertised for agents to sell a new kind of sewing machine. I breezed into their place and got a job, for I convinced them I was a good talker; in other words, they saw that I had the gift o' gab. They allotted me a territory up in Minnesota. Within a week I found myself driving along the country roads near Duluth, with a sewing machine strapped on the back of my buggy, making the farmers' wives believe that they couldn't sew properly unless they had my particular make of machine.

"Late one afternoon I struck a farmhouse about eighteen miles out from Duluth. I knocked at the door. It was opened by an elderly woman. From the doorstep where I stood I could see straight into her sitting-room. And there, resting on the mantel was something that riveted by attention fast—that caused me to stare speechlessly in the room.

"It was an enlarged picture of a man, seated with a baby on each knee—twins beyond any doubt. But that man, chief, was Jack Durant, my old crony of twenty years before!"

HESS made several ineffectual attempts to continue, but his voice seemed suddenly to have given out. He lay back on his pillow, panting as tho he had reached a state of utter exhaustion. A pasty pallor crept slowly over his face. His features became drawn—and expressive of pain.

The young hospital physician, noticing the sudden change that had taken place, stepped over to the bedside and felt the pulse of the injured man. At once he returned quickly to the stand and filled a shining needle-syringe from a tiny phial. Back to the bed he hurried. While the silent nurse drew up the injured man's sleeve, he made a quick, forcible jab with the instrument. Then he withdrew to his place at the head of the white enameled bed and watched the patient carefully.

It was surprising to see the effect of the hypodermic injection on Peter Hess. In not more than a minute the pain lines in his face melted away and his eyes took on a sharp, clear look once more. For a brief space of time he stared at the stenographer, who was hastily sharpening several pencils. Then he looked up suddenly and asked:

"Chief, where was I when I stopped talking? I almost thought I was gone when the doc came over and pushed me ahead for a while longer. I've got to tell you the whole story; I mustn't peter out till you've got all the facts."

"You had just caught sight of Jack Durant's picture on the mantelpiece of the farmhouse," returned Sheehan.

"Oh, yes—yes. I remember now. Well, chief, I was absolutely flabbergasted when I saw that enlarged photograph; so dumbfounded that I couldn't do anything but stare into the sitting-room. But finally I pulled myself together with a jerk and asked:

"'Madame, that picture on your mantel is a dead ringer for an old friend of mine. I came here to sell you a sewing machine—but I've got to ask you instead: Whose picture is that?'

"'My husband,' she said, surprised. 'Did you know Jack—Mr. Kenwood?'

"It came over me with a rush that either I had found a striking resemblance to Jack Durant or else that he had switched over to the name of Jack Kenwood. I didn't let a muscle of my face betray me when I answered:

"'Know him, ma'am? Well, just let me ask of you if he ever mentioned a Peter Hess of Chicago?'

"'Oh, won't you come in,' she said joyfully. 'Chicago was where Jack came from. And he has spoken of you—if you're Mr. Hess. I'd like to talk to you about him.'

"I walked in, tickled to death, believing that I'd have a chance to see Jack Durant himself—now Jack Kenwood—within an hour or two. I sat down on a big red plush chair in her sitting-room. Then I said:

"'Just as you've surmised, ma'am, I'm Peter Hess. My goodness—but it'll seem fine to see Jack again. For years I've wondered what ever became of him!'

"'God knows that I have, too,' she replied with a long drawn out sigh.

"'Why,' I asked, surprised, 'don't you know where he is? Are those your children in that picture?'

"'They're my little twin babies—both grown up now. One's named Jack Kenwood, the same as his father; he's a broker on La Salle street—in Chicago. The other is a girl, Jacqueline Kenwood. She's in New York now.' She began to cry. 'Mr. Hess, was there some sort of a secret in Jack's life? All these years I've wanted to hear more about him—as he was before we were married. Often he's spoken of an old friend, Peter Hess.'

"'I'm that friend, all right,' I said. 'If you'll tell me all about Jack, how you met him, where you first saw him, where he is today, I'll give you all the information I've got.'

"And when she commenced her talk, dabbing her eyes every now and then with her handkerchief, I drank in every word, for at last I was on the trail which led to that stolen twenty thousand dollars. And here, chief, was the story that she told me while I sat in her home:

CHAPTER XII.

THE CIPHER RINGS EXPLAINED.

"IN THE year 1895, her father, John Dorr, had been captain and part owner of a small lake vessel, the Mary Dorr, which plied from Duluth to Chicago. On different occasions, she, Mary Dorr—after whom the vessel was named, had been in the habit of accompanying her father on the round trip. In fact, a special little cabin had been fitted up for her own use.

"On the morning of the sixth of May, 1895, they were driving out in the lake, bound on the homeward trip to Duluth, when they spied a man floating on the water in a life preserver—and singing at the top of his voice. They changed their course, drove down on him and pulled him out. His legs were badly scalded and he had a high temperature from long exposure to the icy waters; in fact he was delirious. As soon as they found that he was altogether out of his head they put him to bed in Mary Dorr's cabin, where she nursed him all the way back to Duluth. In a few days his fever dropped and he became a normal, rational man again. Then he explained to Captain Dorr how he happened to be in the water of Lake Michigan on the morning of May 6.

"According to his explanation—which I, of course, chief, knew was slightly distorted—he had started out on the evening of May 5 with a small pleasure steam launch of his own, intending to go from his starting point on the south shore to a friend's house on the north shore. At some particular place between—a place about which he appeared to be very much in doubt, an accident occurred. Whether his boiler exploded or whether one of the cylinder heads of his engine blew out, he didn't know. One thing was certain: part of the stern was torn away. The boat filled with water so rapidly that he had just time to take a quick look all around him and snatch for the life preserver in the bow. No sooner had he worked it over his head than he found himself struggling in the icy water. Hour after hour went by. His legs pained him where they had been burned by the escaping steam. He was chilled thru and thru. Long before dawn he lost consciousness of whom he was and where he was, and only awoke several days later to find himself in a snug, warm bed in the cabin of the Mary Dorr.

"Well, chief, when she got to that point in her story, I knew pretty well what had become of the twenty thousand dollars; it had gone to the bottom of Lake Michigan with the safe and the disabled steam launch. But where? Had the accident occurred at such a point that Jack was able to fix it in his memory? Had he ever recovered our loot? That was the big question. But to go on with the woman's story:

"She and her father had brought Jack out to a little farm of theirs near Duluth—so that he might recuperate from the effects of his terrible night in the waters of the lake. I daresay that she must have liked him pretty well to have done that. And I guess that Jack felt the same toward her, for, inside of several weeks, he told her that he loved her more than any girl he'd ever met, and that he wanted to marry her—but that he had nothing with which to get married on. But about that time Captain Dorr died suddenly. She received a snug sum as his share of the Mary Dorr. And now that she had it, she told Jack that she wanted him and that she would invest the whole sum in a farm if he cared to work it. The result was that Jack Durant—now going under the fictitious name of Jack Kenwood—married

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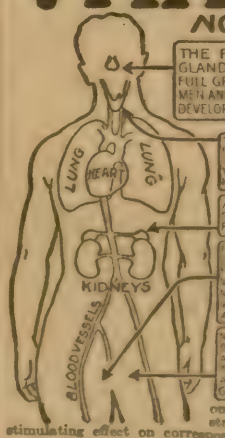

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Mary Dorr and came into a cozy, peaceful, comfortable farm home.

"She went on to tell me that a year later twins were born, a boy and a girl. They called the boy Jack, after his father; the girl they named Jacqueline.

"Then she began to describe to me how every year or so, Jack began to be morose, restless; how he began to talk mysteriously of some great secret that he held—all by himself. But all her efforts to worm it out of him proved to be useless. He would invariably banish the subject and appear to thrust it entirely from his mind.

"The boy and the girl reached the age of 10 years. Jack—old Jack—appeared to be the happiest and most satisfied man on earth. His fits of restlessness and brooding became more and more infrequent. It seemed, at times, that he had become a confirmed—and at the same time, contented—farmer for the rest of his days.

"But about this time he began to get into another moody spell. And one night he woke her up out of a sound sleep. 'Mary,' he said, 'about that secret I've spoken of—I've found out at last what I'm going to do with it. It's valuable, Mary, and I've decided to leave it to Jack and Jacqueline in such a way that neither one can ever make use of it without the cooperation of the other.' With that he went to sleep again, leaving her wondering as hard as ever what that great secret was.

"Next morning he went up to Duluth. He was gone all day. When he returned at night he told her that he had purchased a ring for each of the children and one for himself. He even showed her a bill which read: 'To three hand made, solid gold rings—each with silver setting emblematic of good luck: $45.'

"A few days later he drove back to Duluth and returned at night with the three rings; he showed them to her after the children were in bed. The following day he went to work on the inside of the ring with a sharp tool, copying from a piece of paper that he'd drawn up. When the first two were finished, he sealed them in separate envelopes, labeling them: 'For Jacqueline—at my death only' and 'For Jack—at my death only.' After showing these envelopes to the puzzled woman who was his wife, he locked them in a black enameled strongbox that he had always used for valuable papers. And then, next morning, he commenced working on the third ring, which he had declared was to remain on his own hand until death. While he sat on the kitchen steps, cutting something by slow degrees on the inside of it, Mrs. Kenwood went over to visit the wife of a farmer who lived several miles away. And what followed was little Jack's story.

"ACCORDING to the little fellow, his father had worked for about ten minutes on the 'funny rings with the shiny horseshoe.' Once during that time his tool had slipped and he had cut himself—but he had gone on with the task. After ten minutes had passed, the sound of a loud commotion came from the stable where their new black stallion had been tied. At once his father had dropped both the tool and the ring and had run in the direction of the neighing and stamping—apparently to see whether the horse had broken loose again. About two minutes later he had staggered from the stable door, holding both hands to his head, and with the blood streaming down the back of his neck. Young as the boy was, he realized that his father had been kicked in the head, and that a doctor should be summoned immediately. But all his efforts to get his father into the house were useless, for the older man appeared to be in a daze, evidently not knowing either his own son or his farm. The boy had quickly run up the road to a neighbor's house. When they returned, his father had disappeared. A report came in later that he had been seen by a farmer in that region, plodding on foot toward the railway tracks of the Northern Minnesota Railroad and acting very queerly.

"At any rate, chief, according to Mrs. Kenwood, they never saw their husband and father again. They advertised all over the country and offered rewards—but nothing whatever came of it. And so, ultimately, they had been forced to give him up for dead. But now, as to the cipher rings.

"Three days after old Jack Kenwood's disappearance, she had pried open his black enameled strongbox by force. She had torn open the envelopes and had examined the rings. Each circlet bore a foolish jumble of letters—letters of which she could make nothing. Both she and her relatives finally came to the conclusion that the father of Jack and Jacqueline had been the victim of some sort of a delusion. They even——"

"But what was scratched on the inside of the ring that was to remain on old Jack's hand?" asked Chief Sheehan.

"Only this," replied Hess. "The words: 'Take each letter—' That was as far as he had gone when the interruption took place. Well, her story was quickly concluded. Jack Kenwood—little Jack—had gone to Chicago when he was 18 years of age and had secured a job in a brokerage office. Today, so she said, at the age of 25, he was in charge of a flourishing brokerage business of his own. As for the girl—she had recently gone to New York to study music. And that was the end of Mrs. Kenwood's tale.

"It was now up to me to tell her the circumstances of my own acquaintance with her husband. So I determined to play the tight-mouth to the best of my ability. I declared that I knew of no secret in Jack's life—and I corroborated his tale of how he was sailing along the shore on the night of May 5th, 1895, to visit a friend; in fact, I even went so far as to claim that that friend was myself. I also assured her that he had no relatives whatever. Then I casually inquired what were the peculiar letters inside the rings.

"To my chagrin, she'd forgotten. When Jack had gone to Chicago he had taken his own ring as a keepsake of his father. The girl, too, was wearing the other ring in New York—for the same sentimental reason. They had never made any copy of the inscriptions.

"Now I didn't make any breaks about wanting to know where Jack and Jacqueline lived. I knew full well that I could locate Jack Kenwood, Jr., by the Chicago telephone directory, since his mother had declared that he was on La Salle street in that city. And as for the girl—there was a letter, stamped and addressed, lying on the table near my elbow. It read: 'Miss Jacqueline Kenwood, 144 East Eighty-Fourth Street, New York City.'

"I got out of there, chief, after giving her all the good cheer I could. Back I went to Duluth, lickety-split. Once in town I turned over my buggy and sample machine to the branch agency that I worked for. Then I started for New York determined to get a copy of the inscription on each of those rings. I had heard of a man out in California—somewhere near Los Angeles—who claimed to be able to solve any cipher ever constructed. And I determined that if I couldn't make anything out of the letters myself, which was highly probable, I could well afford to cross the continent to consult this Californian when a fortune of twenty thousand dollars in gold coin was at stake. But to get the inscriptions; that was the main point.

"I reached New York within less than

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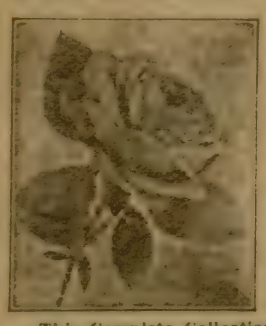
WHITE—FLORENCE FORRESTER (H. T.)—Clear snow-white. The blooms are even larger than Paul Neyron. Its habit is absolutely perfect, and the freedom with which it flowers is marvelous. We consider this Rose the grandest of all whites for bedding. Is very sweetly perfumed. Gold medal, National Rose Society.

PINK—MISS WILMOT (H. T.)—The most refined and charming Rose ever raised. There is an appealing sweetness about this most distinct variety that will please lovers of Roses all the world over. In shape and form this Rose is a model of perfection, every flower comes perfect and produced with a freedom that is marvelous. A wonderful garden Rose. Gold medal.

YELLOW—SUNBURST—This magnificent giant yellow Rose is a fine forcer; it stands head and shoulders above all others of its color, and ranks with American Beauty and the Killarneys in value and grandeur. Some call the color cadmium-yellow. It is the yellowest of all Roses in the ever-blooming class.

CLIMBING—AMERICAN PILLAR—The flowers are of enormous size 3 to 4 inches across, of a lovely shade of apple-blossom pink, with a clear white eye and cluster of yellow stamens. These flowers are borne in immense bunches. They last in perfection a long time, which are carried late into the winter.



RED—FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (H. T.)—It is very fitting that such a fine new Rose should be honored with the name of the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner." The flowers are from large to very large, with sixty or more petals opening to a high center. The color is a magnificent deep red rose. Grand for the garden.

The plants will be sent you at the proper time to set out in open ground in your locality, and each collection will contain full instructions for planting and care.

These plants are carefully packed in damp moss, wrapped in wax paper and shipped in a box. They are guaranteed to reach you in good growing condition.

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Subscriptions may be either new or renewal—for yourself or someone else. We do not usually offer premiums for individual subscriptions, but we consider this more than "a premium," and want to help our big family of subscribers in beautifying their home grounds this spring and summer.

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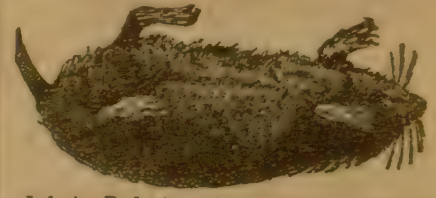

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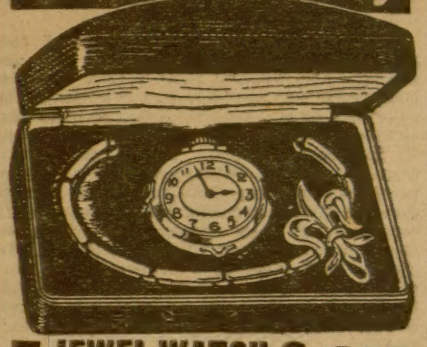

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Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have proved it to thousands of others in the last six months. I claim to have a positive relief for bunion pains, and I want you to try it free—at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried Fairyfoot, and I have such confidence in it that I want you to send me your name and address and I will send you a 4 days' trial free and a full size $1 package C. O. D. It is a simple home method which relieves you quickly of all pain and subdues all soreness and all inflammation. I know it will do all this and I want you to try "Fairyfoot" at my risk. Money back if not satisfied.

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500 North Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

three days. As soon as I got out of the depot I started immediately for this girl's place of residence at 144 East Eighty-Fourth street—with a neat story all rehearsed in my mind. I was an old friend of her father's. If she would let me see the ring I felt certain that I would be able to give her some accurate information about the secret it contained. And while I should be examining it, my left hand would be busy in my pocket with the stub of a pencil and a stiff white card, copying off the letters just as they stood."

This interesting mystery story will be continued in next week's Ledger.

Reforming Rome "Flappers."

JULIUS CAESAR, having achieved most of his personal ambitions, began to notice the flapper of Rome appearing around the forum too much, wearing too much paint and too much jewelry. She had her own car, too, or the litter that served as a car in those days.

He started by prohibiting purple and pearls to all women not of high rank, except for special holidays. He prohibited the public wearing of jewelry by all unmarried women.

All that was accomplished, relates the historians, was to precipitate one of the most violent waves of matrimony that every struck the country. To save her earrings the girl got married. Failing to get married she called herself "Mrs." anyhow, and wore make-up and jewelry around the forum as usual.

An interesting lot of scandal. Nothing else was accomplished. The earrings stayed.

The Cedar-knobbers

(Continued From Page 17)

go to Springfield or Kansas City, and with you for inspiration I know I can make good."

The girl gently removed her hand from Mart's and stood looking, half in fear and half in admiration at the brave young man. It had suddenly occurred to her that perhaps the thing that made her father and brothers hate Mart Holloway so was not anything connected with her or with Mabel Wharton, but because they had discovered that he was a detective seeking to gain the blood money set upon their heads.

"No, Mr. Holloway," she murmured, and every word cost her an effort. "No, no, Mr. Holloway, I can't marry you. Why, we are almost total strangers. You never saw me in your life till yesterday morning. How could you fall in love with me so soon?"

"Love is not a matter of days and weeks," replied the young man gravely. "A fire may spring up in a moment, and that fire may burn on forever. So with love. It sprang into my heart yesterday morning the moment that I saw you. Rose, darling, to the day I die, whether you return my love or not, the scent of ripe wild strawberries will always be in my nostrils, and I will always have a vision in my mind of a beautiful tall girl in a sky-blue homespun dress and a brown checked apron."

"And to the day I die," replied the girl with a sob in her voice, "I will always keep in my mind a vision of a gallant stranger in a high hat and high-heeled boots."

The next moment Mart Holloway swept the girl into his arms and his lips found hers, but only for a moment. Then she murmured:

"That will do, Mr. Holloway. Please, please go away now at once."

But leave taking between lovers is always a slow affair, and it was ten minutes before Mart solemnly shook hands with her in good-by. Rose had told him that he might meet her once or twice a week in a certain little hollow where she went often to dig for may-apple root and jinseng; and Mart, with the assurance that the lady of his dreams loved him, walked back to Kearneyville as if treading on air.

CHAPTER IV.
MABEL WHARTON THICKENS THE PLOT.

STOLEN fruit is said to be much sweeter than that obtained in a legitimate manner; stolen kisses certainly are, perhaps because of their very fleetness. Mart Holloway found those stolen meetings with sweet Rose Peters only the sweeter for the danger, the mystery, and the romance connected with them. For two weeks he met her twice a week, and then, fearing lest the watchful Mabel had discovered the fact of their meeting and might tell Ralph Peters, he proposed to Rose that they lay all secrecy aside and come out into the open.

The plan was for Rose to come to Kearneyville for a week-end visit with a girl friend of hers, Captain Gregory's sister, Louise, and while she was there for Mart to make her acquaintance ostensibly for the first time. After that if they were not permitted to carry on an open courtship they could still meet secretly as before.

As to the rewards offered for Rose's father and brother, Mart had destroyed the letter, but had kept the handbill, thinking that he might one day have to hold it over the heads of the Peterses to make them behave. Mart was not sure of what had become of the envelope, but feared that he had dropped it in the postoffice before he noticed what the letter contained. At any rate it was gone out of his possession, a point which worried him somewhat.

The first night that Rose Peters stayed in Kearneyville Louise Gregory gave a little select party in her honor. Mabel Wharton, Mabel's brother, Tom Wharton, and Mart Holloway were among those invited. Mart thought he had never seen Rose looking so lovely as that night. Instead of the homespun dress and gingham apron that he had come to associate with her, she now wore a pale blue organdy trimmed at the neck and sleeves in Irish lace. She had on dainty white slippers and white stockings and wore a single spray of wild fern in her hair. Mart told himself that to his dying day he would always love white slippers and wild fern.

The talk of the evening was the ordinary chatter of such affairs; however, two things occurred to jar upon the general happiness of the occasion. Mabel Wharton was so jealous of Mart and Rose that more than once she acted toward Rose with extreme rudeness; and Captain Gregory, a man of 40, some said a bachelor, and some said a widower, who maintained the Gregory home with his mother for housekeeper, showed only too plainly to all present that he was infatuated with Rose Peters from the first moment that he saw her.

The captain was a fine-looking man—tall and dark—and his manners were charming enough when he chose to make them so; but he was hardly the kind of man that a young girl like Rose Peters could admire. The girl paid him only so much attention as she felt was due from a guest to a host, and no more. Gregory soon saw a rival in Mart Holloway, for with the best that Rose and Mart could do, they could not conceal from that company that they were at least interested in each other.

The party was on Thursday night, and on Friday Mart sent a formal note to Rose asking if he could come out to see her on Sunday afternoon. When she went to depart Friday afternoon Captain Gregory asked for the same privilege, and Rose had to tell him that her company was already engaged.

Mart decided on Sunday that he had better take Mabel out to the Peterses with him as a sort of peace offering to Ralph; for he knew Mabel well enough to know that she would flirt with the young mountaineer, if only to try to increase her worth in the eyes of the man she loved. The two arrived in front of the Peters home about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The house was a great, double-penned log house with a huge double stone chimney at the center. There was a wide veranda along the entire length at the front. Thus far the Peters home was like many another substantial log house in Kearney County. It differed from all the others Holloway had ever seen in that there was not a fence, an outbuilding, or even a tree within a hundred yards of it. Even the well curb was on the front veranda and was a part of the house. Mart noted another arrangement: The house was a story and a half high, and above the roof of the veranda two logs below the eaves and at regular intervals there were V-shaped notches cut in the logs and for the present plastered up with mud. They looked suspiciously like loopholes.

But Mart was too busy looking for a certain figure in a pale blue organdy to take much note of military matters.

THANKFUL FOR A LITTLE CHILD

Mrs. Mertz Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Kutztown, Pa.—"I wish every woman who wants children would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has done so much for me. My baby is almost a year old now and is the picture of health. She walked at eleven months and is trying to use her little tongue. She can say some words real nice. I am sending you her picture. I shall be thankful as long as I live that I found such a wonderful medicine for my troubles."—Mrs. CHARLES A. MERTZ, Kutztown, Pa.

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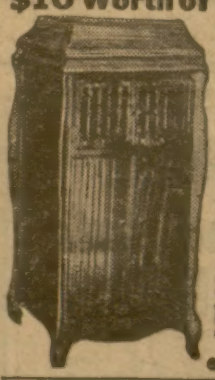

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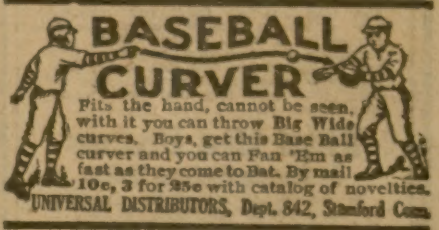

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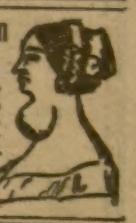

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Strange and unexpected as it was for him, he was welcomed to the Peters home. As he halted his team before the lap of rail fence from which a narrow path led to the house, Rose and her brother Ralph came down the path.

"Hello, Mabel," called Ralph. "I'm sure glad to see you."

"Hello, Ralph," answered the girl, then added: "Mr. Peters, this is Mr. Ralph Holloway."

"Glad to meet you," said Ralph rather brusquely and without extending his hand any too far. Mart frankly took the hand of his enemy and responded to the greeting in the most cordial manner.

Mart helped Mabel out of the buggy, but Ralph Peters helped her over the fence and started up the path at her side. Mart had to delay to tie the horses, and Rose waited at the fence for him, her eyes shining, but with something like fright in her face. A sort of sixth sense told Mart that his every movement was being watched from the house.

After a brief handshake the girl said: "Mart, my father is watching us from a loophole under the eaves. So is Mabel and my brother watching us—don't look. Oh, Mart, I came out here to warn you. It was all a mistake, my letting you come here this afternoon. I believe they have laid a trap for you. Listen, you must lie and lie fast if you wish to leave this terrible place alive. You must act your part and make no mistakes, or I shall have to wear mourning for the rest of my days. Tell them honestly that you met me over two weeks ago and fell in love with me; that you have since asked me to be your wife and I have agreed, and that you came out here today to ask for my hand. . . . Oh, I know this doesn't seem like proper modesty in me, but it is the only thing that can save you. And whatever you do, don't admit that you have ever met me secretly by appointment."

Saying all this rapidly and carefully keeping herself between Mart and the far end of the house, Rose led him to the front porch and into the main living-room, where they were followed by Ralph and Mabel, who had paused at the well and got a drink to kill time.

As Mart entered the big room he backed himself against the wall in the manner of an embarrassed lover, but where he could command the doorway and two windows of the room. He had made up his mind that if there was a gun fight he would sell his life dearly.

Rose called softly to her father, and a moment or two later a great wolf-featured, red-bearded giant appeared in the doorway with a Winchester rifle in the crook of his arm. Mart imagined this fellow to be Harvey Peters, but he had no time to speculate before two more wolflike, giant-limbed fellows appeared in the doorway armed like the first. Then a dramatic thing took place, a great, white-bearded man suddenly materialized in the broad, clean fireplace, like a villainous and belated Santa Claus with no other gift but death. From the look of this evil giant, it was plain to Mart that he was the father of the villainous looking sons. His dramatic entry was doubtless intended to overawe the Kentuckian; but if it was it failed of its purpose. As the old man stepped out of the fireplace, Ralph, who had been talking in a loud voice to Mabel, drew a big Colt revolver from his hip pocket.

Mabel Wharton at once set up a shindy, now begging Ralph not to kill "her Mart," now speaking half-pityingly, half-scornfully, to Rose Peters as to a fallen sister.

"Now, then, young feller, whut you got to say fer yo'self?" demanded the old man with a glare at Mart.

"That I was never before in my life treated with such suspicion and rudeness," replied Mart hotly, "and that I came out here to ask you for your daughter's hand in marriage, and that I certainly had a right to expect a different reception from this. If you men didn't want me in this house, why didn't one of you meet me down the road and give me a chance to turn back peaceably?"

"How long have you knowed Rose?" demanded the bearded giant, ignoring Mart's question.

"Three weeks ago this morning I met her by accident in a little glen where she was picking strawberries."

Two of the savage brothers pointed their weapons toward Mart's chest and seemed about to fire. Rose leapt before her lover to shield him, her eyes blazing.

"You're a brave lot," she cried scornfully; "five against one. Oh, I'm ashamed that I'm kin to you."

WHILE Rose was speaking Mabel kept making frantic efforts to get herself heard. The men presented an indescribable picture of bestiality and ferocity. Harvey had begun to whet a great knife on the jamb of the fireplace, and Ralph had crouched low as if he intended to spring upon Mart and choke his life out. He kept cursing to himself as if he were trying to work himself into a fury where he could take human life without a qualm. The old father, who had set his Winchester down near his right hand at the beginning of the interview, stood clinching and unclinching his hands, as if he were undetermined whether to take this young man's life or spare him for the sake of his daughter.

"But Rosey, Rosey," he cried poignantly, "when did this feller propose to you? When did he have a chance? Rosey, you have never told your ole daddy a lie in all yore life; don't tell one now. When did this feller here propose to you?"

Rose started to speak, but hesitated and stammered as if in maiden confusion.

"Go on and tell them, Rose," said Mart quietly.

"Oh, Daddy," cried the girl, "he proposed to me, and I accepted him two weeks ago last Monday."

"The second day after you met him?" roared Harvey.

"Yes, and answer me this," shouted Ralph, stepping close and looking into his sister's face: "What was the meanin' of all that sobbin' an' takin' on after you parted from him for the first time? Rose Peters, what was the meanin' of hit?"

The girl turned a proud and scornful face toward her brother.

"I will not answer you, Ralph Peters," she cried. "I know from your look that you mean to insinuate something bad by that question. . . . Ralph Peters, don't you dare judge me by your own bad standards. You ought to know that I am a lady, and that my mother—your mother—was a lady before me."

Ralph seemed completely abashed by his sister's stern rebuke and only grunted his reply and turned away; but the terrible Harvey took up the cudgels.

"You have met 'im since," cried Harvey. "Several times you have met 'im since, when you went to dig for may'apple and jinseng!"

"Certainly I have met him—four times I met him secretly," retorted the girl. You men are so suspicious and bloodthirsty that I don't dare bring my young men friends into the house. What do you think I am, a prisoner here?"

"Oh, there's nothing in that phase of the question," cried one of the villains whose name Mart did not know, and who seemed a little better educated than the rest from his speech. "Our sister is a lady and, I presume, knows how to take care of herself in any company. But here's another matter."

He fairly thundered the words as he thrust the missing envelope from the Indiana sheriff before Mart's eyes.

"This, my fine fellow," he roared, "was picked up on the floor of the postoffice three weeks ago today. It shows me that you are a traitor, a spy, and that you don't deserve to live, because you have sneaked out here and won a young girl's confidence in order to gain admission to this house and learn——"

"Tom!" Two or three of the men folks cried out the warning in the same breath.

The accuser waved them aside.

"What's the difference what I say before him? He's not going to leave here alive. Now, my smart Mr. Holloway, I want to know what came in this envelope and what business you have with the sheriff of Sagamon County, Indiana?"

"The letter that came in that envelope does not concern you in the least. Neither does it concern any member of your family," cried Mart. "And so I shall certainly not tell you what it was about. You ask me about my business with the sheriff of Sagamon County, Indiana. My answer is that I have no business with him at all."

Incredible as it may seem, this speech went a long way toward satisfying those bloodthirsty men that Mart was no spy. Mart went on:

"Rose here has told you the plain truth about our love affair. To prove to you that it is all just as she has told you, I stand ready to remain in this house as your prisoner until a magistrate can be sent for, and to marry her before I leave your premises."

"That sounds fair enough," grunted the old man, and one after another of the sons dropped their weapons to their sides as if satisfied.

Then Mabel, who had been trying from the first to speak, cried out:

"But, Mark, how kin you marry her? Yo're engaged to me."

Mabel's lie was like a bugle call to arms. Every weapon went back into place, and even the old father leveled a gun at the young lawyer's breast.

"Mabel Wharton," said Mart coolly, "tell these men just when I proposed to you and just when you accepted me. Please tell Miss Rose Peters just when and where I proposed to you and you accepted me, then they will know and she will know that you were not telling a lie when you said we were engaged."

Ralph Peters threw down his weapon and made a lunge bare-handed toward Mart.

"You-called-Mabel-a-liar," he jabbered, "you-dirty-unspeakable-lowlived-cur, I'm-goin'-to-wring-yore-dam-neck-for-you."

"Come on!" shouted Mart, squaring himself.

At the same instant Rose picked up Ralph's revolver.

"These two are going to fight a fair fist fight," she cried, "and the first other man that takes a hand, I'm going to get him."

The fight was a fast and furious affair from the start. Mart's coolness and superior skill as a boxer just about offset the bull strength of Ralph Peters. Several times, with head bent low, Ralph made a bull rush to try to get his hands upon Mart's neck, but each time Mart leapt back into the clear and landed him a clean blow to the point of the jaw, which could not overturn him on account of his great weight, but which served to madden and infuriate him. Then presently the man Tom, while pretending to be neutral, began to keep himself behind Mart so that he could not so easily leap clear of his antagonist's rushes.

But the second time Tom tried this maneuver Rose noticed it.

"Tom!" she cried, leveling her pistol at him, "if you do that again I'm going to shoot you. Get into your corners and stay there, all four of you." The next man that moves out into the floor I'm going to shoot him."

While the fight went on Mabel stood in the doorway and screamed and cried. Sometimes begging Ralph not to kill "her Mart," sometimes begging them both not to kill each other. And as the fight went on Ralph became more and more maddened, until, as Mart landed him a solar plexus blow with a sharp upper cut to it, he came out of his doubled up position frothing at the mouth and with a knife in his hand. Then it was that Rose showed her coolness and marksmanship. She shot the knife clean out of his hand and chipped a splinter from a plank just above Mabel's head, which caused her to scream out anew.

But by this time Ralph was seeing red. He snatched a Winchester from Tom and would have fired, but Rose leaped to him and slammed the muzzle of her pistol to his head, and at the same moment Mabel ran forward.

"I lied, Ralph," she shouted. "I lied to you-all. Mart an' me's not engaged. Oh, please, please don't kill 'im."

This confession sobered Ralph even more than his sister's pistol at his temple. He turned and looked dully at Mabel.

"He can leave this house alive and go back to Kearneyville where he come from," said the maddened youth. "And after that I'll git 'im the first next time we meet."

"Yes, we'll give him just enough time to get back to Kearneyville," said Tom "After that, let him look out for himself."

"Are you convinced?" asked Mart thru swollen lips, appealing to Rose; but the girl only hung her head and did not reply.

When Mart came to himself again he was helping Mabel Wharton into the buggy and she was whimpering and trying to explain.

Another generous installment of this new story of the Ozark country will appear in the Ledger next week. This is positively the latest and, we believe, the best tale of the beautiful Ozark hills that has been offered the fiction reading public in several years. Those who follow the story to its finish, and few who have read the opening chapters will fail to do so, will be favored with a rare treat, especially if they enjoy frequent thrills and surprises in a bitter fight for life, liberty and love, in a region where certain dwellers therein insist that "might is right," in defiance of society's established laws. Part II. in next week's Ledger.

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Hidden Animals.

279—The names of four animals, two wild and two domestic, may be found in the following sentence: Do Germans understand the French? Well, I only hope they do. At Chianti geraniums bloom all winter. In America there are no fierce beasts.

Addition and Subtraction.

280—1. Take the decoration of a woman's dress, subtract a playing card, add a craft and have a bird.

2. Take hearty, subtract a drink, add a common conjunction and have an important part of the body.

3. Take a month of the year, subtract a support, add a flower and have a ruler.

4. Take a gem, subtract a nobleman, add to consume and have a kind of fuel.

5. Take a specimen, subtract enough, add a religious salutation and have to preserve.

Novel Acrostic.

281—All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the initials will spell a famous country and another row of letters will spell one of its most famous men.

Crosswords—1. To let. 2. Indian corn. 3. A feeling of weariness. 4. To come back. 5. A hard white substance. 6. The outer covering of a flower. 7. To pester.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

276—Riddle-me-ree.

Peas.

277—An Acrostic.

Pearl. Crosswords: Pekin. Emerald. Arthur. Ruby. Lilac.

278—Four-word Square.

W O O L
O N T O
O T T O
L O O K

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

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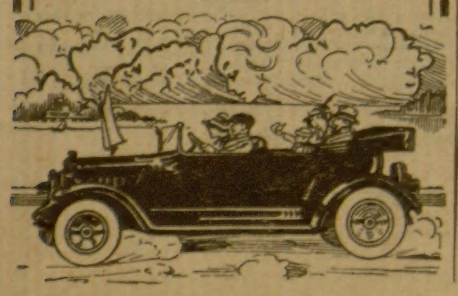

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